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THE PRIDE OF THE CIRCUS.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY COUSIN WILL.

The pride of the Circus was Mollie LaMont,
And truly an exquisite creature
She seemed, as she managed her beautiful steed—
An Angel in figure and feature.
I turned to the manager standing close by,
Saying, "Sir, when you are at leisure,
Will you pray introduce me to Madamoiselle?"
He answered me, "Yes, Sir, with pleasure."

Then into the dress room he led me straightway,
Where the lady (just from the arena)
Stood glowing with pleasure, while rounds of applause
Ascended from those that had seen her.
I was quickly presented, and modestly bowed,
While the manager said, "My dear Mollie,
I present to your notice an intimate friend;"
She smiled and said: "How's your Knibbs, Cully?"

I smiled, and the manager left us alone,
Then I dropped on my knees, close before her;
Those dainty white fingers I clasped in my own,
And I told her I loved and adored her;
I promised, if she would consent to be mine,
That our home should resemble an Eden,
And that nothing should part us, (Oh! rapture divine),
When she answered: "Stop, Cull, Nixey Weeden."

Surprised, then, I murmured, "Miss, *je non comprehends*
La Francais, so pray me enlighten."
When said she: "Tell me, Cull', does your Knibbs Weed the
slang!"
To my feet then I bounded like lightning;
I said to her: "Miss, do you mean an insult,
Or are you with me making merry?"
When she drew herself up, pointed straight to the door,
And said: "Let your Royal Knibbs Sherry."

MISS IONE BURKE, COMEDIENNE. For Biographical Sketch see another column.

THE THREE GRACES;
OR,
MARRIED IN THE DARK.

BY W. STEPHENS HAYWARD.

AUTHOR OF "BLACK ANGEL"—"STAR OF THE SOUTH"—"FIERY CROSS"—"LOVE AGAINST THE WORLD"—"FLAW IN THE GEM"—"ETHEL GREY," &C., &C.

PROLOGUE.—CHAPTER I.

THE DEATH BED—THE OATH.

'Tis not the many oaths that make the truth,
But the plain single vow that is vow'd true.
SHAKESPEARE.

In spite of the best efforts of skilful physicians—the tender care of affectionate nurses—she gradually sank, the flame of life grew weaker and weaker, and on this autumn night of which we speak, Mrs. Stafford lay slowly dying. Around her couch were three young girls, who vied with each other in tending and nursing the sick lady. Two of these girls were her daughters, Juliet and Blanche Stafford, the third her niece, Caroline Conway. The likeness between these girls was very striking, and strangers invariably supposed that they were sisters when they were seen together.

The physician, who had been summoned from the town of Southampton, distant some five or six miles, and the neighboring surgeon, who lived within a hundred yards of Rose Cottage, had left. The one had other patients to attend to, and moreover, said distinctly that he could do no more, that there was no hope. She was dying, and it remained only to soothe her last moments, and make the passage from life to eternity as easy as possible. The district surgeon, too, had gone home. Should any change take place he would be within easy call, in the meanwhile the feeble life which yet struggled within her might be fed by stimulants. She might live till morning—she would not recover short of a miracle. When this sad fact was made known to the three watchers, they acquiesced in it with melancholy resignation, and were rather glad when the doctors took their departure. Long before the fatal intelligence had been officially communicated to them, they had dried their tears, and calmly awaited the worst.

On the morning before this last night of all, Mrs. Stafford called her niece to her bedside.

"Caroline, come here."

Not only Caroline, but Blanche and Juliet were quickly by the sick lady's pillow.

"Not you, dear Blanche—not you Juliet, my darling; I wish to speak to Caroline."

So the daughters, wondering a little, drew back, and Caroline bent over her aunt.

"Caroline—dear Caroline—listen to me, and heed well what I say."

"Yes, dear aunt."

"I am dying."

"Dying, aunt, do not say so. A change may take place before morning."

"Yes—I know—I feel it approaching—a change for the worse, Caroline. Heed my words, I beseech you. When your last illness comes you will know it as well as I know now that I am dying. It is a wonderful provision of the Creator, that death should seldom seize us quite unawares. I cannot tell you how I know it, but I do know that before another sun shall rise my daughters will be orphans. I shall live through the day, I think, then the sun will go down, and ere he shall again have appeared in the east, I shall be no more. Caroline, believe me when I tell you that those at the point of death have powers of perception, faculties of seeing the unseen—even of snatching brief glances into the misty future—all which are denied to those who are in the pride of life and health."

The girl Caroline stood by and listened, and at first seemed disposed to receive this sad statement as the truth. But by degrees her aunt's manner carried conviction to her mind, and she realized the solemn fact that her second mother—her only female friend in the world—with the exception of her two cousins, was about to leave this for another world.

The two daughters, Blanche and Juliet, had been standing by the window, but at this moment left the room together to superintend themselves the making of a little strong beef tea. The doctors said that if the sick woman's strength could be supported by food and stimulants, she would surmount the disease.

Mrs. Stafford turned her head slightly, and followed them with her eyes as they left the room together hand in hand—listened till the last sound of their footsteps died away, and then turned her weary face toward her niece.

"Oh, Caroline—Caroline, I could die happy but for the thought of those girls. I tremble when I think of them exposed to the trials and temptations of the world. Standing, as I do, on the brink of the grave, I have vague foreshadowings of coming danger. Would to heaven they were not beautiful. I fear that fatal gift of personal beauty. They are warm-hearted, impulsive, and Blanche especially, so loving by disposition. I dread lest she should place her affections on an unworthy object. She knows not the meaning of guilt and deceit, and her heart may be won by the fair words and soft speeches of a villain. Caroline, they are older than you, both of them, but in you is my hope, my trust. You are as beautiful—some tell me more so, as loving, as truthful, as pure-minded; you are stronger, braver, more determined in purpose. When I am gone, promise me that you will be an elder sister, guide, friend, and monitress to my orphan girls; aye, more, promise that you will be a mother to them."

"I do promise, dear aunt," the girl replied. She stood by the side of the bed, very pale now. There was that in the voice, in the look, of Mrs. Stafford, which brought home to her niece's mind the certainty that she was dying.

"You swear it, Caroline. But, no, I am wrong; your words should be sufficient."

"Nay, dear aunt, I will swear. It is but right that so far as it rests in my power I should repay your loving care of me, a motherless girl, by swearing to devote myself, my thoughts, my life if need be, to the service of your daughters, who will shortly be motherless—for, dear aunt, I know now that you are dying."

There was earnest and strong determination in this girl's face as she spoke. The fire which beamed in her eye was such as might have lighted up that of a heroine martyr of old. Caroline Conway seemed to be imbued with the prophetic fervor of the dying mother. Down on her knees she fell, and holding her aunt's hand in both hers, thus spoke:

"Witness, Heaven, what now I swear. So far as in my power lies, I will be a friend, a sister, a mother to Blanche and Juliet, my cousins. I will shield them even at the expense of myself. Though my own heart be pierced, no harm shall come to them. I will do all a woman dare do in their interests. I will sacrifice myself—my happiness—my welfare—my life—all but my honor, on their behalf."

Her voice was not loud, but the mother's ears drank in every word. The girl rose from her knees, still holding her aunt's hand. "Now I shall die happy," she murmured. "My trust is in God and Caroline. I feel sleepy."

Fully content now, and with serene mind, she closed her eyes and fell asleep. Each hour the vital power grew feebler, each hour Ruth Stafford approached slowly, but surely, her end.

Strange that the promise, fervent as it was, and heaven called to witness thereto, made by a girl of nineteen, should have such power to calm her parting spirit, and resign her to the thought of leaving her daughters orphans. But Caroline Conway was no ordinary girl. Within the casket of her beautiful body there was a gem of price—a brave spirit—a loving and faithful heart.

CHAPTER II.

BOLINE CONWAY—FATHER AND DAUGHTER—YOUNG FELIX—BEGINNING EARLY—GOING TO LONDON.

Beauty hangs upon the cheeks of night, like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear.
Only too sick for use,—in earth too dear.
ROMEO AND JULIET—Act I. Scene 5.

Caroline Conway was the daughter of her aunt's younger sister—who, a girl of eighteen, married a naval officer, one Lieutenant John Conway. When the child Caroline was a year old the mother died—the father was on a foreign station. So Ruth Stafford, whose husband was a country gentleman of moderate income, took the motherless babe, and brought her up with her own two daughters. Caroline's father, a brave officer and honorable gentleman, set aside half his income, which was paid to Mrs. Stafford as some recompense for the cost and trouble of rearing the motherless girl. And so our heroine, Caroline, from her earliest years, looked on Ruth Stafford as her mother—never having known any other.

She grew up to girlhood and maidenhood with her cousins, Blanche and Juliet; the latter fifteen months her senior, the former three only.

When a school-girl of fifteen, her uncle Stafford died from the effects of a fall in the hunting-field—and the next year, the second of the Crimean war, her father was wounded in the attack on Bomarsund. The nature of his hurt was such as to disable him from active service, and yet not to render him a cripple for life. He retired on wounded pension, and then it was right and proper that his daughter should come to live with him. Without doubt, her life at her aunt's place in Hampshire, was pleasanter than could be that with her father—alone, with small income and wounded leg—which latter at times was very painful, and had its effect on his temper.

Caroline, however, did not hesitate for a moment—he was her father, a wounded and disappointed man; so she herself elected to live with him, even in a humble lodging, and resign the comparative hurry and gaiety of her aunt's pleasant country house. This was purely a matter of choice and duty on her part. Captain Conway appreciated the kindness of his sister-in-law, and his letter announcing his compulsory retirement from active life did not breathe a hint to the effect that he wished to disturb existing arrangements. He spoke of money matters for the future in his letter, and proudly told Mrs. Stafford that his private income was enough for himself; the whole of his pension should be devoted to the maintenance and education of his daughter. Mrs. Stafford said nothing. Caroline, however, spoke out.

"Aunt, you have been a mother to me, but my place is with my father. Am I not right?"

"You are quite right, my child," was the grave and kind reply.

And so it happened that Caroline Conway left the happy home where she had been reared and educated, and betook herself to her father's dull lodgings at Woolwich.

Caroline was seventeen years of age when she joined her father at the garrison-town. Young, graceful, and of striking beauty, it would have been strange indeed had she not attracted attention. More than one gentleman sought introduction to the father with the purpose of being thrown in contact with the bright-haired, bright-eyed daughter. Caroline treated all, however—officers and civilians—with calm and studied politeness, favoring none more than another. But though she by this means hoped to keep all at a distance, she found it impossible, as time passed on, to rid herself of the importunities and professions of devotion which some among her daily-swelling list of admirers were sure to pour into her unwilling ear. After her aunt's pleasant little country house in beautiful Hampshire, the dismal lodgings in the dismal town of Woolwich seemed wretched indeed. Right glad was she then when Captain Conway announced his willingness to consent to a scheme of hers. It cost him a great sacrifice of pride and no little heart-burning, did this plan of his beautiful daughter.

At first he declared it should not be. No child of his should ever demean herself by earning money. But by patient perseverance and tact Caroline overcame his scruples, and at last persuaded him that it should be as she wished.

This was the scheme which Caroline planned, matured, and with unfaltering purpose carried out. She had a fine voice, and was an accomplished musician. Besides she had other accomplishments. It was on her musical abilities, however, she most relied. She was not vain or conceited, but she knew right well that her talent in this respect was of no ordinary nature.

Caroline's idea, on which she brooded for months, was, briefly, to increase her father's slender income by teaching. She wrote to Mrs. Stafford on the subject, and that lady, so far from dissuading her, approved of the project. Moreover, she exerted herself among her friends, and procured some introductions to families of distinction in and near London. Before commencing, however, Caroline determined to become herself a pupil to first-class masters. Accordingly, twice a week she went to London by rail, took her lesson, and returned in the evening.

At the end of six months thus spent all was in readiness. A small cottage on the outskirts of Barnes Common had been taken, and, by the kindness of Mrs. Stafford, elegantly and comfortably furnished. There, then, shortly before her eighteenth birthday, Caroline Conway and her father removed. The cottage was within five minutes' walk of the Putney railway station, and the ride to London not more than a quarter of an hour. From across the bridge, about twenty minutes from home, omnibuses ran through Fulham, Kensington, and South Belgravia. Among the inhabitants of these favored localities Caroline had already a few pupils, and hoped, not unreasonably, for more.

Nor was she disappointed. Her talent, her perseverance, and her lady-like address and appearance, all combined to make her a favorite where she was known and to extend the sphere of her pupils.

So, before Caroline was eighteen, she had the proud satisfaction of knowing that by her own exertions she was earning money at the rate of a hundred pounds a year. This was an exceedingly welcome addition to her father's slender income. It turned the scale between genteel poverty and comfort. Caroline was as happy as the day is long. Her employment was congenial to her, and she had besides the satisfaction of knowing that her exertions prevented her being a burden, and, on the contrary, increased her father's comforts.

She was out all day, and returned home to a late dinner at half-past six. A clean servant girl, and a boy for an hour in the morning to clean the knives and do other rough work, made up the establishment at "Pandora Cottage."

The "Pandora" was the name of the gun-boat Captain Conway commanded when wounded, and the name had been bestowed by Caroline on the little cottage. And so the time passed pleasantly enough. The old officer sat at home and smoked his pipe, and strolled out from morning to dinner time during the absence of his daughter. In the evening, while he played cribbage and drank his grog with a friend who usually dropped in, Caroline would amuse herself in her little drawing room by practicing on her piano, drawing, painting, or copying music. Occasionally she got orders for a concert, or perhaps a private box in the theatre. On such occasions she made her father don his dress suit, and accompany her, which, though he cared little for the entertainment, the old sailor gladly did. Caroline in evening dress looked surpassingly well, and Captain Conway, though he did not care a groat for the warbling of the finest singer, nor the strains of the most splendid band, felt intensely proud of the admiration his beautiful daughter commanded on all hands. And so the days passed pleasantly on. The life of the father and daughter was quiet and uneventful, but also happy and peaceful.

Stormy clouds, however, are gathering in the horizon, and this peaceful, happy course of existence is destined to be broken. For one thing, Felix Conway, Caroline's brother, returned home. He had been at a German university, and had then only to pass the necessary examination to take up a berth which would some day be a lucrative one in the War Office. We have not hitherto noticed this young gentleman, but it is now necessary we should do so.

A sum of a thousand pounds, settled on his mother at her marriage, came afterwards to the boy. There was a power which enabled the father to use this for the education of his son. This had been taken advantage of, and thus it was possible to keep Felix Conway abroad for the purpose of learning the German and French languages. At this date there remained nearly six hundred pounds of the original thousand; and as he was now twenty years of age, the father calculated, not without reason, that there was amply sufficient to carry his son through the necessary examinations, maintain him until he was gazetted to his appointment, and leave a handsome balance in hand.

Felix Conway was a tall, handsome young fellow, of good ability, and most winning manner. In disposition he was affectionate but reckless; in fact, as his father said, he had a "spice of the devil in him." He had seen just enough of the world to make him wish for a nearer insight. He had traveled enough to rub off that shyness and boorishness common to young men fresh from school. Altogether he was an exceedingly nice fellow, good looking, good tempered, perhaps (and here he differed greatly from his sister) a little too easy and weak in disposition. Faults he had, but these only had the effect of endearing him in his sister's esteem. Caroline was passionately attached to her gay, good-humored, handsome brother. For the first week after his return home she was wild with delight, and actually took a whole week's holiday that she might go about with Felix. He, too, who had not seen her since childhood, was justly proud of his beautiful sister, for he could not be insensible to the fact that she was very lovely.

The first drop of bitter in Caroline's cup of joy was when Felix announced, after residing with them for a week, that it would be necessary for him to reside in London, close to the office of his future duties. Caroline wondered why he could not come down every night, and return in the morning, and said so.

"Traveling was expensive," Felix replied.

"A second-class season ticket would not cost more than apartments in London," she rejoined triumphantly.

But Felix had apparently decided otherwise. He declared that it was necessary he should mix with and get accustomed to those with whom his future lot would be thrown. He had made the acquaintance of a capital fellow, and they were going to share chambers together. His name was Agate—George Agate.

"What was he?"

"A gentleman; he had held a commission in the East India Company's service, but had resigned."

Caroline did not think the society of idle gentlemen desirable for young men just entering on life.

"How absurd, Caroline. I think it is very hard you should take a foolish prejudice against the only friend I have before you have seen him. I thought of bringing him to dinner on Sunday."

"My dear Felix, pray do; I should like to make his acquaintance."

"Shall I tell him so?" asked Felix, smiling.

"If you like," was the calm reply.

"I will, and also that you don't like idle gentlemen."

"That would not be true, Felix, so I beg you will say nothing of the sort. I said I did not think the society of an idle gentleman desirable for a young man who has his way to make in the world. Probably he would have tastes and habits with which you could not conform without extravagance."

"Oh, nonsense; you don't know George Agate. There's no humbug about him. I'll bring him on Sunday, and then you shall judge for yourself."

And so it was settled.

Captain Conway, good, easy man, left everything to his son and daughter, and when she announced to him that Felix thought of residing in London, he made no objection.

"You understand, youngster, I suppose," he said, "that the expenses of your living in town will have to be defrayed out of what remains of the thousand pounds you inherit through your mother. If you like to stay here of course you can do so free of expense, have the run of your knife and fork as long as you please; but I have not the means to give you an allowance. I think ten pounds a month should suffice. I will see that you have that sum on the first of every month. That, with a little ready money for a start, should be ample."

Felix declared that it would be amply sufficient, and there the matter dropped. On Sunday he brought down his friend, George Agate, a quiet, gentlemanly looking young man, some five or six and twenty years of age.

"I am sorry you object to 'idle gentlemen,' Miss Conway," he said, after Felix had introduced them. "Upon my soul I wish I wasn't idle. Will you find me something to do?"

"The garden wants digging badly," said Caroline demurely.

"I will see to it in the morning," he said; "is it to be dug all over?"

"Good gracious, no," she replied, laughing, "only the unplanted flower beds and the strip of mould around the wall."

Caroline never gave the matter another thought. There was a spare bed-room which was placed at the visitor's disposal that night. In the morning, after breakfast, Felix and his friend prepared to leave.

George Agate said good bye to Captain Conway, thanking him for his hospitality and kindness.

"Good bye, Miss Conway. I have not forgotten about the garden."

"Oh, indeed!" she replied; "when will you come and dig it?"

"I have done so," he answered quietly, and when they had gone Caroline found that it was so. He must have risen at daybreak, and worked hard at his self-appointed task.

"What do you think of my friend Agate, Carry?" her brother said to her the next time they met.

"I have seen so little of him."

"Do you like what little you have seen?"

"I have no reason to say I do not. I cannot quite understand him; cannot tell when he is serious and when he is not."

"You shall have an opportunity of knowing more of him then. I mean to bring him here often."

"What do you think of my sister?" asked Felix of Agate.

"Think of her? Really, I don't know. That is to say, she seems a very pleasant young lady."

"Pleasant—bah!" cried Felix, a good deal annoyed; "don't you think she's beautiful?"

"Oh, yes! a very pretty girl," was the careless reply.

Mr. Agate spoke as if he really had not looked at the young lady.

"Well, you certainly are the coolest fellow I have ever met; your impudence is astounding. A pretty girl, indeed! I should think she was! Do you know what your friend Roscoe, the painter, called her the other day? He met us in the street as I was taking her about shopping."

"Called her an angel, I dare say."

"No, he didn't. He said that she was the most gloriously handsome woman he had ever seen in his life."

"Well, he ought to know, Roscoe, certainly. He paints very handsome women. Now you mention it, I must look closer at this handsome sister of yours; since you adduce such excellent authority to prove that she *is* handsome."

Mr. George Agate was guilty herein of a great affectation. He had been particularly struck by Caroline Conway's amazing beauty, but saw fit to pretend ignorance and indifference. Affectation may be in itself reprehensible, and in a measure contemptible, but it is certain that at times, when skilfully used, it gives great power.

Many a woman may be won by affected indifference, which alarms her pride and wounds her vanity, who could resist any amount of hard wooing. Caroline, too, was guilty of affectation in speaking to her brother on the subject. But it was—pardon the paradox—a natural affectation. No woman can be entirely truthful without forfeiting the greatest charm of her sex—modesty. And so the days wore on at Putney—not quite so calmly and tranquilly as before the return of Felix, however. He was so uncertain and erratic. They never knew at what moment he might come, or whether alone or with his friend George Agate.

There were indications of coming troubles innumerable. Neither Carry nor her father could tell the why or wherefore, but there arose a feeling of dissatisfaction and uneasiness in the breast of both father and daughter as regarded Felix. They had reason to fear that he was not as steady as he should be. Not that he was guilty of any palpable extravagance or wild excess. Nor did they imagine he was guilty of vulgar riot, or low-lived debauchery. Felix Conway was too much of a gentleman for that. But they fancied he was fond of pleasure, and did not exercise that amount of self-control he should over his expenditure and habits.

He spoke of suppers at Evans' and the Albion after the theatres in a way which implied he was seldom home to his chambers before one or two o'clock.

Then, too, he spoke occasionally of horse races, favorites, the "Oaks," "two to one bar one," and a good deal of sporting talk nearly unintelligible to Caroline. On such occasions his remarks would be addressed to his friend Agate, who, though he said little, obviously knew all about it.

At these times a dark shade of displeasure would gather over Caroline's fair face, and her full rich lips would become suddenly thin as she pressed them together. A sudden flash, too, would come in her eyes. Was it of anger? And if so, with whom was she angry? Not with George Agate, surely, for he never encouraged her brother in this sort of talk. Was she angry with Felix? Scarcely. Boundless her love for her brother was, and left no room for her anger. She loved his very faults and weaknesses. Perhaps she was angry with herself; but that, too, seems unlikely. So it must have been with fate—with circumstances which seemed bent on weaning her brother from their quiet home at "Pandora Cottage" and attaching him to fresh friends—fresh and not advisable amusements.

She felt jealous of this Mr. Agate—to whom Felix looked up and whose friendship he prized so highly.

This was the state of affairs at the cottage when the letter arrived announcing the serious illness of Mrs. Stafford and her desire to see her niece.

CHAPTER III.

A DEATH-BED VISION—THE WARNING—THE DISPATCH—AT THE RACES—A NEW WILL—DEATH.

O, I could prophecy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue.
SHAKESPEARE.

The sick lady had sunk into a sweet sleep; her breathing was scarcely perceptible, and she lay as still and motionless as though death had already claimed her as his own. About an hour after she awoke.

A great change had taken place in the expression of her features, and in her very complexion. Caroline looked with silent awe, and failed to understand this change.

There was death in her face.

"Have you sent for Felix?" she murmured. "I should like to see Felix."

Caroline's brother had experienced much of Mrs. Stafford's loving kindness as well as herself, and the dying woman's departing spirit yearned for a last look at the face of the boy to whom she had been a second mother.

"Yes, dear aunt. We have telegraphed twice—once to papa, and once to Felix himself at his address in London, but we have had no reply."

"He is not at home—not at home," she murmured; "it is useless—George Agate knows."

Caroline started at the name, and colored up a little, for, strange to say, she was herself at that moment thinking of George Agate. Mrs. Stafford, with closed eyes, went on speaking in a low voice, muttering to herself like one talking in her sleep:

"George Agate can find him—too late—Newmarket—I see trouble ahead—I see—"

Caroline stooped down her head, but though she listened intently, she could not catch the sense of any more. She gathered a few words, but could not string them together so as to make sense. George Agate's name was frequently mentioned, however, and at this Caroline wondered greatly. She had not said anything about this Mr. Agate, so far as she could remember. Possibly she might have casually mentioned her brother's friend in one of her letters, but she could not call it to mind.

There were other words, too, which she heard distinctly, and coupled with her brother's name and that of this Mr. Agate—words which made her turn pale and sent a cold shudder to her heart.

Forgery—disgrace—ruin.

Those were the words which alarmed and shocked her. But she recovered herself instantly.

"Ah! how foolish I am! Poor, dear aunt, she is light-headed a little—her mind wanders."

This she murmured in a very low tone, so low that she did not think it possible the sick lady could hear. But she did hear, and opening her eyes, gazed sadly in her niece's face.

"No, dear Caroline, not light-headed; my mind does not wander. But, standing on the brink of eternity, it has pleased the Most High to allow me to see dimly, as through a haze, the dangers which beset the future path of those dear to me. My mortal eyes are permitted to decipher a few words out of the book of fate. I see a tall man, handsome and wealthy, and I know that he is a hawk—a bird of prey, that the future happiness of my dear girl is in danger."

"A tall man, aunt, and wealthy? But I know of no one of that description. You mentioned Mr. Agate, but he is neither."

"No, it is not George Agate, though I know that he will be much mixed up for good or evil with your future life. A few moments back I distinctly saw the face of this man, and were I to meet him in the flesh I should recognise him. I saw him not with mortal eyes, but inwardly. A tall man, dark, olive-complexioned, handsome, accomplished, agreeable, wealthy and noble, too. Ed—Edward—ah! me, the name—the name!"

She closed her eyes, and moved her head uneasily from side to side, as though striving to recall a name she had forgotten. Caroline remained in silent awe watching this strange scene, and deeply impressed, in spite of her reason which suggested that all this was but the delirium preceding death.

The last delirium! Ah! who shall say what that comprises? It has been oftentimes related by persons who have been all but drowned and then snatched from a watery grave, that in the last second preceding unconsciousness the whole past life passes rapidly, panoramic-like, across the memory—the most trivial as well as the most important acts being presented to the mind's eye. And then there succeeds a sort of vision of pleasant green fields and sunny dales, and then—then—ah! then no one knows. It is either a painful return to life and consciousness or a spirit journey "to that bourne from which no traveler returns."

And is it not a well-authenticated fact that those at the point of death, on the boundary line between this world and the world of spirits, have faculties and powers denied to others?

It would seem that at that solemn hour the bonds which confine the immortal within the body, are slackened—weakened, as it were—before they are finally severed, and thus permit the uneasy spirit of the dying to wander at large over the earth, and visit scenes far away from where the earthly tenement lies.

Who shall say that the many authenticated death-bed warnings and revelations cannot be accounted for on some such theory? Broadly, that the half-released spirit has powers and faculties denied to it while in the earthly tabernacle, and moreover, ere taking flight forever, has sufficient sympathy with the bodily organs and senses to communicate its impressions.

Mrs. Stafford sank again apparently into a deep sleep; Caroline sat watching her in sad silence. Suddenly the invalid gave vent to a slight cry and opened her eyes.

Her niece rose, and, bending over her, asked if she wanted anything, or was in pain.

"The name, the name. I have seen him again, it was on Newmarket Heath, and Felix was there, too—there is a great race today. I saw him, I can almost see him now—a tall man in a light overcoat, with a race glass slung over his shoulder. Felix spoke to him—his name—remember his name, never forget the name, dear Caroline—the Honorable Edward Montacute."

She spoke excitedly, and in a voice so loud as to bring Blanche and Juliet running into the room. Her eyes gleamed with temporary fire, and a flush came on her pale cheek. She half raised herself in bed, and seemed to be pointing with one outstretched hand.

"I see him—I see him—the Honorable Edward Montacute."

Then she sank back on her pillow, utterly exhausted.

Blanche and Juliet, poor girls, wept and wrung their hands, thinking that the last moment had come; but Caroline moved quickly and silently away and brought a cordial, a little of which she poured into the dying woman's mouth.

"Hush, dear Blanche!" she whispered; "she is delirious."

This time she took care that the sick lady should not hear her, Blanche and Juliet quieted their expressions of grief and terror, and the latter asked:

"What was it dear mamma was speaking of? I heard her mention some name."

"It matters not," Caroline replied, "she is delirious. I fear the end is fast approaching."

Just at that moment there came a ring at the door, and the two sisters hurried to see who it was. Mrs. Stafford also heard it. She opened her eyes.

"From your father, Caroline. Felix is at Newmarket. I shall never see him now."

The next moment Blanche Stafford entered,

"A telegram for you," she said, handing the envelope to her cousin.

The latter tore it open and read:

"Captain Conway, Putney, to Caroline Conway, Rose Cottage, near Bishopstoke, Hants.

"Felix not to be found. Have been to town, and seen John Agate. Felix at Newmarket. Agate has telegraphed, and gone on to him by mid-day express. Cannot travel myself. Knee very painful."

"Newmarket! Oh, heavens! this is, indeed, mysterious and terrible!" exclaimed Caroline, and sank into a chair.

"What is the matter, dear Carry? How white you look! Are you faint?"

"Yes; just a little. Give me the smelling salts."

"But what is the matter? Not more bad news, I hope," said Blanche, in alarm, as she gave her cousin the vinegarette.

"Felix cannot be found. He is at Newmarket," Caroline murmured.

"How sad! Dear mamma wished to see him. But I thought something dreadful had happened, by your face."

Caroline, not wishing to alarm her cousins, hastened to regain her composure. Her heart beat fast, however, and she trembled slightly as she rose and made her way down stairs to the little drawing room.

"Stay with her for a little while, dear Blanche, I will go and lie on the sofa."

"Newmarket! Newmarket!" she muttered as she threw herself on the ottoman. "It is true, then; I heard her say so. It is not the raving delirium. In some terrible and inscrutable way she really saw my brother. And the presumption is that, this being true, it is also so about the Honorable Edward Montacute. Who is he? What is he? I must find out. But how? My father? No; he is suffering. To whom can I apply? John Agate? Yes!"

She rose, and taking pen, ink and paper, was about to write, but checked herself.

"It is useless," she said; "he has gone to Newmarket, I will wait until I see him."

Caroline again betook herself to the sofa, and sought to quiet the strange alarm which reigned in her breast. She was not timid or fearful usually, but the sudden arrival of the telegram confirming her aunt's words—words which she attributed to delirium—gave her a sudden shock. She could not resist the conviction that a higher agency than any within mortal ken had been at work.

The dying woman had certainly a gift of witnessing scenes hundreds of miles away—might she not have the gift of prophecy?

"I must ascertain at the earliest possible opportunity who is this Hon. Edward Montacute, if indeed there be such a person

It may be only a creature of her fevered brain; and yet, and yet how could she have known that Felix was at Newmarket?"

TO BE CONTINUED.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1866.

To Correspondents.

ENQUIRER.—Edwin Forrest has played an engagement at the Chatham Theatre. He opened there May 16, 1842, while the theatre was under C. R. Thorne's management, as Othello to the Desdemona of Miss Mestayer. John Scott, Hield and Kirby were in the cast. On May 22d, he played "Richelieu" and "William Tell." For his benefit and last appearance on May 30th, he appeared as Claude Melnotte in "The Lady of Lyons" and as Rolla in "Pizarro." Josephine Clifton volunteered and played Pauline. This was the only night during the engagement that Josephine appeared. Mr. Forrest's engagement lasted two weeks, and his receipts alone amounted to $2,000, which was pretty good business in those days for the Chatham to give a star.

SPEED.—Mr. Bonner's bay mare Flatbush Maid and chestnut mare Lady Palmer, driven by their owner, trotted a second mile of a two mile trial in 2:28¼, May 13th, 1862, on the Fashion Course, L. I. This time was made in a trial and not in a race and does not go on the fast time record. That it was done is unquestionable, as "timers" were appointed for the purpose of timing accurately the performance, which has never been equalled.

M. A., Albany.—The following rule answers your question:—"If either player uses his opponent's ball to play with, the stroke is foul; and if successful he cannot count, provided the error is discovered before the second shot is made; but should two or more strokes have been made previous to the discovery, the reckoning cannot be disturbed, and the player may continue his game with the same ball."

RICHMOND.—1. You had better have nothing to do with such murderous weapons. 2. You will find foils, etc., as cheap in Philadelphia as in this city. 3. There are just such wretches as you refer to in all the principal cities; we are not aware, however, that they are banded together for such vile purposes. We incline to the opinion that they act independently of each other.

C. F. B.—1. The New Stadt Theatre in the Bowery will seat more people than any other place of amusement in this country. 2. The New Bowery probably has the largest stage. 3. The Academy seats 2833 persons; Niblo's, 2029; Lucy Rushton's 850; Stadt Theatre, 3385.

CRAYON, Oil City.—1. He who makes the trump, orders it up, or takes it up, can go alone; a hand can be played alone when the holder believes he can secure all the tricks. 2. The lady is not married, to our knowledge. 3. J. N. Lanergan's address is care of Charles H. Bernard, 486 Broadway.

W. T. D.—They are not as carefully prepared as articles of that kind should be, and we have not the time to spare to make the lines more clear. We may, at some future time, look over them again, and probably make use of them.

VERITAS, Pittsburgh.—We omitted the notice because it was rather too severe on the gentleman; we must be a little lenient with the rising generation; censure when it is deserved, but be as gentle as the circumstances will admit of.

JOHN C. R., Baltimore, Md.—Both are good orders, but the Masonic is usually preferred because it is more universal. Each Masonic Lodge has its own terms for admission, ranging from $25 upwards.

W. H. B., Paterson.—The "Lady of Lyons" has undoubtedly been played in every theatre in this city except Wood's Theatre, which is a new establishment. We doubt very much if there is another theatre in the country that has not produced it.

C. B., Boston.—J. Wilkes Booth may have played "Richelieu" during his engagements in the South, but we do not recollect of his having done so in this city, Philadelphia or Boston.

J. L. S., Boston.—1. He is a young man in the profession, we understand, of whose recent appearance in New Orleans you will see a notice in another column. The Academy is now used as a variety theatre, and is very popular.

ALBANY SHADES.—1. Sullivan and Bob Caunt fought near Harper's Ferry, Va. 2. Seven rounds were got through with in twelve minutes. 3. The first square knock down blow in the Heenan and King fight was gained by the Boy in the 15th round.

O. K., St. Louis, Mo.—The "American Hoyle" by "Trumps" published by Dick & Fitzgerald, regarded as a standard authority, and it lays down the rule that "in throwing round for deal, the lowest card gives the deal."

C. G. H., Dubuque, Ia.—"A, B, C and D are playing a game of auction pitch, B is out, and the others are 9 points each; A gives C 3 points, and makes high, Jack, game; D plays low. Which goes out first, A or D?".....A having high is out first.

DOVER.—"A bets B that he has not got $10 in money about his person. B produces a $10 note, but A contends that it is not money. Who wins?".....B wins; a $10 bill is money, although it is not specie, which A evidently meant.

ADAMS.—We were of the impression that Jemmy Massey did keep a hotel in Toronto, but after a thorough search through our files we do not find it on record; neither can any one of whom we have inquired positively locate him there.

A. S., Spruce street.—In the event of the death of President Johnston the President of the Senate would succeed him, and in case of a similar event, the Speaker of the House of Representatives would take the place of the latter.

J. S., Portland.—The rule is to breast the fowls, and in the event of one refusing to fight to "count" him out, and award the battle to the other.

ENQUIRERS.—We are unable to give decisions in the questions respecting the game of piquet. We have endeavored to gain the requisite information, but without success.

RAFFLES.—In throwing raffles you cannot add the aggregate of the three throws together. In the case you state, A wins, as he beat B two out of the three throws.

BILLIARDS, Philadelphia.—Define what you mean by "match games." Goldthwait never played Deery a match for money in Washington, nor did Kavanagh; the former did so in New York.

HOLYOKE.—We have no acquaintance with the parties, and cannot endorse their responsibility. They seem to have some pretty good names as reference, as you have probably observed.

J. H. S., Philadelphia.—When commencing to learn the business, all they receive is their board and clothes. All advertisements are twelve cents a line.

MACE'S HEIGHT.—According to a large print of Mace published in London, and sent to us by Mace, we find the height of that pugilist to be five feet nine inches.

REGULAR SUBSCIBER, Milwaukee.—James E. Murdoch is considered the best elocutionist on the American stage, as well as one of the best of light comedians.

PHILADELPHIA.—1. Ernestine has not retired from the stage. She has been leading the *ballet* at the Academy in this city, nearly all the season. 2. Eliza is 27 or 28 years of age.

"JAYGIN."—Many thanks for your kind offer, but a correspondent in your city sends us all items of interest that transpire thereaway.

J. S. C., Philadelphia.—1. We believe he is not there now. 2. We cannot do better than refer you to our advertising columns for an answer to your second question.

S. C. S., Lafayette, Ind.—The dealer must either give one point to the beggar, or run them; if not suited after running, the two may name 5 trump if they can mutually agree.

A. P. S., Lynn, Mass.—1. The Boston Theatre was first opened Sept. 11, 1854. It would seat more than Pike's.

WIC, Cairo, Ill.—Thanks for attention. Will be pleased to hear from you whenever convenient.

HARRY C.—"Saponacious medium" safely bestowed in our "kick."

OTHELLO, St. Louis.—The advertiser will send it to you; we have no time to attend to such matters.

AMERICUS, Washington.—Frank Lawlor was born in Albany, N. Y., in 1835. Not married.

MOSS, St. Louis.—The name of the correspondent is a business secret which we do not divulge.

F. R., Philadelphia.—1. We know nothing of the parties, but they seem to be all right. 2. Charley Foster is dead.

LIZZIE DONALDSON.—Your husband called last week and got your two letters.

CONSTANT READER, Newark.—Send a letter to L. R. Pike, manager of Georgia Minstrels, Philadelphia. They are there this week.

LAMBERT.—Advertisement, $10 for three months; subscription, $1.25 more.

J. F. C., Marlboro, Mass.—We have no time to devote to that sort of business.

D. W. C., Richmond.—The last we heard of MAX he was on Blackwell's Island.

T. S., Philadelphia.—Josie was born in Brooklyn in 1843. First appeared at Barnum's Museum in 1858. Is married.

LA VERE.—We shall be pleased to hear from you as "you go marching round."

COL. ELLINGER.—The letter you wrote for was sent to New Bedford. We have sent you another to Westerly.

W. O. W., Scranton, Pa.—Procure a little duck cloth and make them yourself. All performers make them.

OLD READER, Bound Brook.—Lantern is owned by Mr. Robert Bonner. Will answer your other questions next week.

E. V., Ithaca, N. Y.—Billy in England killed 100 rats in 5 min. 30secs.

W. S.—Mr. McDonald, the former owner of Flora Temple, is dead, and the mare is now owned by Mr. Welsh, of Philadelphia.

RAM'S HEAD, Washington, D. C.—1. There was never an Irish Champion of England. 2. Jem Ward was born in London.

S. B., Vicksburg.—1. She has not appeared in our largest cities. 2. A matter of opinion.

Congress, by the rejection of the latter, our ex-representative is lassed among the murmuring Brooks.

A CHANGE.—Since the settlement of the Dodge-Brooks case in H, M. C.—H takes the deal, his Jack being the highest.

READER, Toledo.—John McDevitt is in his 25th year.

R. L. T., Hartford, Conn.—Bill Poole died March 8th, 1855.

F. S. S., Cleveland.—Thank you; always acceptable.

JACK PERCY.—Will appear next week.

E. DEAN, Cleveland, O.—Ten dollars for three months.

A. F., Warren, Ohio.—We never make such purchases.

SLIPPERY JAKE, New Haven.—From $15 to $20 a week.

DENNY HORRIGAN.—We have a letter for you.

BILLY NOBLE.—And one for you.

MOSE, Troy.—Not a copy of that date in the office.

INQUIRER, Philadelphia.—See answer to T. S.

CONSTANT READER.—From $30 to $50 a week.

CASTLE THUNDER.—A Richmond paper states that Castle Thunder is being thoroughly repaired, preparatory to being turned into a "grand mercantile amphitheatre"—whatever that may be.

Probably it is intended for the exhibition of mercantile "bulls and bears."

FOR SALE.—Back Vols. of CLIPPER V. to IX., inclusive, bound and in good order. Address Gladiator, CLIPPER office. 1-tf

OUR FOURTEENTH VOYAGE.

A Talk With Our Readers.

OUR trim craft has started on its Fourteenth Annual Voyage. We have stowed away a snug cargo of good things for the trip. We have retained the old crew, for they have proved faithful and efficient in sunshine and storm. So sitting in our tidy cabin, with our charts about us, let us examine the old log books, to the end that we may see ourselves as others saw us—some years ago. (Our knowledge of sailors' talk having been obtained entirely from the pilot on a Brooklyn ferry boat, we fear we shall blunder if we continue in the nautical style, so with the permission of the reader we will drop it. Those who are wiser, may insert as many "avasts" and "ahoys," and "shiver your timbers," as they please).

Did you ever see the first number of the NEW YORK CLIPPER? No! Well, we were looking it over to-day. It didn't take us long, for it was a little sheet with big type and wide margins, that put in an appearance some thirteen years ago, to-day. It came forward very humbly to buffet the waves of public opinion and popular prejudice.

Its success was a doubtful matter, but it lived. It is very easy, as the country parson remarks, for a man to say that he was a fool yesterday. It implies that he is wise to-day. In looking over Number One, Volume One, when the circulation was one thousand, and the advertisements were all in one column, we could not but wonder how we were ever satisfied with that insignificant concern, and it is possible that thirteen years hence we may look with equal contempt on the clean, clear type and abundant matter of the present issue.

But the longer we gazed at old Number One, to-day, the less we scorned it, for a thousand memories, half-sad, half-glad, crowded upon us. We looked at the names of the men who figured in that day, and as this little item or that bit of gossip was recorded concerning them, we forgot how Time had garnered the years, and we looked up, almost expecting to see the door open and some of the old familiar friends enter; and then we recollected how, one after another, they had dropped away and passed into the Silent Land, and somehow, a mist gathered in our eyes just then—a mist so deep, that even the big type grew indistinct, and we fear that whoever looks next at Number One, will find the broad margin stained with a few drops of salt water. Be that as it may, we shut up the old volume, and placed it in its honored position on the right of the line along side of its twelve brothers, and then following the advice of Mr. Longfellow, we turned to the "living present."

And have we not some cause for complacent self-gratulations while "prospecting the placer" at this time? We can no longer call our sheet little. It contains nearly if not quite as much matter as any paper printed in New York. By the approved rules of modesty we should perhaps add here that others must judge of the quality of our matter, but we propose to overstep the rules for once, and to render a judgment in favor of ourselves. We will say more: we *know* that what we print is interesting to a large number of persons, for were it otherwise, our circulation would have dropped off long ago, and we should have been swept into oblivion at the breaking out of the war, five years since, as many of the papers were; but we stood that shock and we have stood all other shocks, for like Capt. Kydd, "We sailed, and we sailed," and the kindly words and liberal patronage of the theatrical and sporting world have sustained us through all. And now, it being the CLIPPER'S birthday, we feel in a somewhat confidential mood and so if you will keep it a secret, we will tell you how we get up the forty columns of reading matter for your edification each week; and if, when we have finished, you think you would like to run an opposition paper, all that we have to say is that you are at perfect liberty to try it.

To commence, then, our paper is issued Tuesday morning, so of course Tuesday is our easy day. We have, comparatively speaking, nothing to do then, so we simply read thirty or forty letters and hunt up those intricate points on which correspondents desire information, and inspect such "thrilling stories" as may have been sent in, and settle a few quarrels for the sports, and listen to the "chin music" of those who imagine themselves abused, and to the "soft soap" of those whom we have praised; in short, we have a nice time generally. Wednesday's duties are also light and pleasant, seldom occupying more than ten or twelve hours. Thursday, however, work commences in good earnest—correspondents from all parts of the habitable globe (including New Jersey) begin to shower their favors upon us. Managers from Maine to Texas forward us copies of their show bills. We must wade through a long advertisement to discover that some great prestidigitateur with an impossible name will "delight the citizens of Squedunk Hollow previous to his appearance at the Academy of Music, New York," &c., and that he will positively distribute an unlimited amount of jewelry, live pig, and money amongst the audience. Then some enthusiastic correspondent appears with six finely written pages of foolscap, all in praise of some second walking lady out in Nebraska or elsewhere, and closes his letter with the modest request that we will not "cut" any portion of his manuscript. Minstrels, circuses, music halls, theatres, magicians, lecturers, panoramas, stereopticons, dog fights, sparring exhibitions, gift shows, billiard matches, horse races, and things "too numerous to mention," are swept in upon us, and from this "confusion worse confounded" we must make judicious selections and arrange everything in proper style and under its proper head. Until this is done we stave off the "devil's" call for "copy" by sending up to the printers matter for the advertising columns. By the by our advertisements appear vastly amusing as well as mysterious to a person unacquainted with the theatrical lingo, and they were made recently the theme of a lenthy editorial in one of the Western papers. For instance, a "green" reader on hearing that a "heavy man" wanted a situation, would immediately picture the applicant as a Barnum's Giant or a Daniel Lambert, when, in point of fact, the "heavy man" might not turn the scales at 140. Then $20 a week will be paid to a "chambermaid," and a "walking gent" wishes to travel, and an "old man," twenty-five years of age, desires a place, and so on to the end of the chapter.

Well, Friday is like Thursday, only "more so." Another edition of show bills, larger than the first, arrives; correspondence increases, and we are buried knee deep in a chaotic mass of manuscript. Then proof is to be read, and if we discover that the tone of the paper is too heavy, we must sit down and write some light and airy articles to convince you that we are a funny fellow. Fun is a mighty good thing, but if you imagine yourself witty and want the job, making half a column of jokes in twenty minutes, you can have it at this office without charge. Then the editorials are to be dashed off, and reports of city matters set up, and usually while engaged in these duties night comes on and the "battle is postponed" until Saturday.

Saturday we pay our bills. This is a little extra job that some publishers are not troubled with, but we wish to make Sunday a real day of rest, and we know of no better way to do it than to wake in the morning with the conviction that we owe no man a cent.

Monday! ah, Monday is the day for work! A lazy fellow who sat in the office through one Monday afternoon assured us that we did more during that time than he had done in the course of a year. We are ugly Monday. We cut conversation short. We scowl at visitors. We don't feel a bit jocular though we are forced to write the nonsense that usually precedes our City Summary. We permit no pranks from our Jim or "any other man" on Monday. 'Tis work, work, work, way into the night, and then the weary printers throw off copy after copy from the big press until morning dawns, when they seek their virtuous couches and you get your copy of the CLIPPER fresh and readable.

And now you know how to get up a paper. It is an easy matter, you see. Don't you want to try it? If not, we know you will tender us your good wishes and join with us in the hope that the fourteenth year of THE NEW YORK CLIPPER may be its most prosperous one.

NEW THINGS.—Our indefatigable readers will notice with pleasure that we have put on a complete new suit of apparel this week, our types being all new and manufactured for us to order. We don't see that we have much to boast of, however, for we sadly needed it, and there is not much merit in doing a thing that you are obliged to do.

"D. D."—The papers are having a great deal of fun at Forney's expense since President Johnson conferred the title of "Dead Duck" upon the Colonel. Those same papers, at the time of the President's inauguration, bestowed the immortal D. D. upon that official when they called him "Dead Drunk." Oh, consistency, thou art a dollar jewel-ry.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.—Although the "press and public" are loud in their demands for the passage of the bill to punish cruelty to animals, yet it still hangs fire. Why do our representatives hesitate? Are *they* not to be benefited by the passage of the act?

DON'T SEE IT.—The Central Railroad Fare Bill, obliging the company to run trains at stated fares per mile, according to speed, has passed the Assembly. Some folks look upon it as anything but a fair bill.

THE RACES.—On one of our outside pages will be found an article on the races, carefully considered, artistically analysed, and scientifically set forth by "The Fat Contributor," of Cincinnati. Read the sketch.

THE RACING AND TROTTING SEASON.

The turf campaign of 1866 is just on the point of commencing, and, judging from present indications, it promises to be more brilliant and successful than any of its predecessors. The programmes of sport for the trotting season on the Fashion and Union Courses have been announced, and the purses offered for public competition have filled numerously, such first class horses as Dexter, George Wilkes, Lady Thorne, General Butler, Lady Emma, Panic, Blonde, Commodore Vanderbilt, Toronto Chief, George M. Patchen, Jr., Stonewall Jackson, Shark, Dictator, and Ella Sherwood being entered for them, or engaged in matches. The management and proprietorship of the Fashion Course is now vested solely and wholly in the hands of Mr. Joseph Crocheron, who, for the past five years, has acted as manager of the Fashion Association, whose lease has just expired. The Union Course, as hitherto, will be under the management of Mr. William Shaw, who has so long been associated with the track, and who is now the sole proprietor. Both these gentlemen are highly popular among the sporting men and the owners and trainers of fast horses, possess great experience in the details of turf management, are earnestly desirous of remedying many of the objectionable evils in connection with trotting, and determined to use the most strenuous exertions to effect so desirable an object. The Fashion Course first inaugurates the trotting season of 1866, the first of the series of purses offered being trotted for on Tuesday next, the 17th inst. The Union Course season commences the week after, the first trot being fixed for the 24th inst. If conducted honorably and fairly, as we are led to believe will be the case, trotting will again attain its former popularity with the community, and managers realise that "honesty is the best policy," alike on the turf as in every other relation of social life.

Racing, the legitimate sport of the turf, as its votaries claim for it, has within the past four or five years become exceedingly popular with the public, now that management is vested in the hands of influential and responsible Associations instead of speculative individuals. Paterson took the initiative in placing racing upon a sound, substantial basis by the organization of the Passaic County Association, and the continued brilliant success which has attended their meetings induced Saratoga and Hoboken to follow the example, and recently New York has followed in their footsteps by the formation of the "American Jockey Club," and the construction of a new race course at Fordham, in Westchester County. Under such favorable auspices, racing ought to flourish, as long as honesty, liberality and impartiality characterise the management. The Northern turf campaign commences with the Paterson Spring Meeting, fixed for the 5th, 6th and 7th June, when no less than $5,800 is given by the Association for the three days' sport. Hoboken follows next, with four days' sport, commencing June 19th, and offering a rich and varied programme of racing. Saratoga holds its Summer Meeting earlier than usual, it being fixed for July 23d and the ensuing five days, during which $10,500, in addition to the entrances, will be run for. The American Jockey Club hold their first meeting at Fordham, where the English system of free admission to the racing will be initiated in this country. With munificent liberality, the Club have offered purses of unusual magnitude for their first meeting, there being the Inauguration Stakes of $5,000 for a four mile heat race, for all ages; the Jerome Stakes of $1,000 for three year olds, mile heats, and the Nursery Stakes of $750 for two year olds. As this meeting may be regarded as more especially the race meeting of New York, being within convenient, quick and cheap traveling communication with the city, it should secure the patronage and support of the public. Altogether the indications lead to the conclusion that the coming racing season will be unusually brilliant and successful throughout the North.

THE THREE GRACES.

You have all, no doubt, heard of the "Three Graces;" some of you who "travel" a good deal have probably seen them on the stage when model artistic shows were in fashion. Well, we present the "Three Graces" to your notice this week in the shape of a new story, and we trust that you will like them, and follow them through the dangers which are sure to beset them in the narrative. You may ask us why we commence a new story before we are through with the old; its a very natural question. We'll tell you why. We start a new story to draw you on; you are interested in the old one, and you are bound to see it out; in seeing it out, you also see a new one coming in, and you become interested in that also, and by the time the old affair is ended, you are fairly committed to "go through" with the new one, and as the "Three Graces" promises to be very entertaining, you will thank us for drawing you on as we have done, and you will very likely induce many of your friends to buy the CLIPPER, so that they may not be compelled to borrow yours, which you have no idea of loaning.

We intend to give you a very lively poem shortly; a poem called "Don Juan in America," taking up the fortunes of the young man at the point, probably, where Byron deserted him. It is now in course of preparation, and when we tell you that the author of "Susie Knight" is also doing "Don Juan in America," you will see what a clever treat there is in store for you. In the meantime, look at the "Three Graces" commenced in this issue of the CLIPPER.

THE CRICKET SEASON.—Notwithstanding that the winter of discontent to impatient cricketers is more than usually prolonged they live in hopes of being able to take their preliminary practice at an early date. The warm weather of last week caused the grass to be "wearing of the green," upon which, however, the snow and frost of Sunday proved to be a "wet blanket." As we write, Old Sol is again showing his beaming countenance, and "How's that, umpire?" and other familiar exclamations appear to be near realization. In commencing another volume of the cricketer's Chronicle, it is hardly necessary to state that the CLIPPER reporter will be after them; and enact the character of Dot, in their play of cricket. We hope the season will be a pleasant and prosperous one.

THE FINNEGANS.—Nothing startling has transpired since our last, if we except the departure of D. B. O'Killian, and a mythical expedition for Bermuda and a market. O'Mahoney is on the anxious bench in expectation of Stephens' arrival in this city. He first proposes to give him a dose of Moffitt's pills to carry off the bile with which he is supposed to have been charged since the embroglio occurred between O'Roberts and O'Mahoney, and then dose him with Mrs. Winslow's soothing syrup. What a farce the New York leaders are making of the Fenian movement! It is no wonder that the Fenians themselves are getting tired of the gags imposed upon them.

BON VOYAGE.—A meeting of the friends of James Hamill, the American Champion Sculler, who is soon to set sail for England to test the prowess and skill of the chief oarsman there, is to be held at John J. Eckerson's Hotel, corner of West and Christopher streets, on the evening of Saturday, the 14th inst., at 8 P. M. The object of the meeting, we are given to understand, is to bid him welcome to this city, and to give his friends an opportunity to wish him *bon voyage*. We hope there will be, as there ought, a full attendance, for James Hamill, of Pittsburgh, has many friends in New York, and he ought to be given good headway on his trip across the Atlantic on so important a mission.

FIRE!—There have been several destructive fires in the city recently, and certain parties seek to throw the blame upon the new fire department. This is wrong. If there had never been any large fires while the old department was in existence, we might think there was something in it; but when we know that miles of houses were once burnt down in this city before a change in the department was ever dreamed of, we cannot censure a new organization for permitting the flames occasionally to get the upper hand. Give the new department a fair trial before condemning it.

GONE HOME.—Roberts, the great billiard player, has returned home after an unsatisfactory tour in this country. It is announced that he threatens to visit us again, bringing an English table with him upon which to play a match. We guess not. The people hereaway would have been pleased to see a match between Roberts and Dion, but the former's hurried departure deprived them of that anticipated pleasure. We are rather surprised that Roberts should have found it necessary to evade Dion's offer.

WHO IS HE?—One of our pugilistic friends—whose classical education is not yet finished—wishes us to "come to the scratch by informing him who this Civil Rights Bill is that the people is making such a fuss about, and whether he weighs more nro ten stun." We toe the mark by saying that Civil Rights Bill, although brought into the ring to redress some civil wrongs, is not on the muscle.

PEACE.—Through a proclamation issued by President Johnson we learn that the rebellion is at an end in all the States excepting Texas. New Jersey would also have been excepted if Jim Scovel had not took the ground he did, and by his veto prevented the radicals from carrying their point. Thus it was that Jersey was brought back into the Union. *Vive* Jim Scovel, *a bas les dad betes!*

"THORNTON, OR THE YOUNGER BROTHER"—a romance of deep interest—has just been published by F. A. Brady, 22 Ann street. Price 50 cents.

JOHN SCULLY.—John Scully, bricklayer, or any one knowing his whereabouts, is requested to send his address to his brother, as per advertisement in another column.

BALL PLAY.

Branch of "The Office,"

493 BROADWAY, NEAR BROOME STREET, NEW YORK.

HIGHAM BROS. & WOODS.....Proprietors.

The proprietors respectfully apprise the public and their friends generally that they have opened the above admirably located premises on Broadway, (three doors above Broome street) as a first class

BAR AND LUNCH COUNTER,

and Branch of that well-known popular establishment "THE OFFICE," 13 East Houston street.

The Lunch Counter will always be found supplied with the choicest productions of the market in season, and the Cuisine will be of the same high class and character which has gained for "THE OFFICE" so extensive a share of public patronage. The long experience and sound practical judgment of the proprietors will afford sufficient guarantee that the bar will always be stocked with the finest and purest brands of wines, liquors, cigars and malt beverages. They invite their friends and the public to give them a call

GEORGE HIGHAM,
JAMES HIGHAM,
WILLIAM WOODS. } Proprietors.

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BASE BALL CLUB CHALLENGE.—We, the members of the "Excelsior" Base Ball Club, organized Jan. 1st, 1866, being desirous of trying our skill with some rival club, do hereby challenge any regularly organized Base Ball Club in the State of Delaware, to play three games for the championship; one game to be played on our grounds, and one on theirs. We will appoint one man from our club to meet one from any club accepting this challenge, at a place half way between home and home, to be hereafter designated, and there it shall be decided where and when the first game shall be played, whether on our grounds or on theirs. In case we win the first choice of grounds the other party shall play two games on our grounds successively. Should they win the choice, we will hold ourselves bound under the same obligation. If requisite to play a third game, the date of playing shall be agreed upon by two representatives, one from each club. No one but constitutional members shall be allowed to participate in the game. Any correspondence relating to this challenge, may be addressed to W. H. TWIGG, President E. B. B. C., Milford, Delaware. N. B.—If not answered within thirty days, the championship will be claimed.

BASE BALL IN CANADA.—The Maple Leaf Base Ball Club, of Hamilton, C. W., held their annual meeting on the 2d inst. A majority of the members were present, and arrangements for the ensuing season were fully discussed. The Club has leased the grounds on upper James street, formerly used by the Burlington Club. As an incentive to the aspirants for distinction, it was decided to award prizes to the player in both the first and second nines who shall make the highest average score in the matches to be played during the season. The prizes will consist of pairs of spiked cricketing or base ball boots, and handsome champion belts. The following are the officers of the Club for the ensuing year: President, W. Shuttleworth; Vice-President, T. Carroll; Secretary, J. J. Mason; Treasurer, W. H. Reid; Field Directors, J. Stoneman, W. H. Cooper and C. Cook.

THE BASE BALL BOYS of Albany, N. Y., are bestirring themselves in anticipation of an early opening of the season, and are anticipating good times generally. The Live Oak and National Clubs have held their annual elections, and the following are the fortunate incumbents of the various offices. *Live Oak Club.*—President, Anthony McQuade; Vice President, James O'Hagen; Recording Secretary, John Flynn; Corresponding Secretary, Sidney Jones; Treasurer, John J. Evers; Captain first nine, John J. Mc Call; Board of Directors, William E. Murphy, John McGinnis, John J. McCall. *National Club.*—President, J. Townsend Lansing; Vice President, Henry B. Clement; Recording Secretary, J. E. Soule; Corresponding Secretary, Benj. W. Johnson; Treasurer, William H. McClure; Board of Directors, Edwin C. Smith, Charles H. Dauchy, Edward A. Ross. Both clubs are well officered, and will no doubt be well managed.

BASE BALL IN WILMINGTON.—At a meeting of the "Wawaset" B. B. Club, of Wilmington, Del., held on the 2d inst., the following named gentlemen were elected as officers to serve the ensuing year: President, C. H. Lounsbury; V. President, Jno. J. Gallagher; Sec'y, Harvey Graves; Treasurer, John Aiken, Jr.; Field Captain, John N. Kates; Ex. Committee, Geo. K. Bright, George Clark and Chas. Hallam.

CAMDEN BASE BALL CLUB.—At a stated meeting of the Camden B. B. Club, of Camden, N. J., held at their Club House on the evening of the 2d inst., the following officers were elected for the ensuing six months: President, John R. Read; V. President, C. V. Knight; Treasurer, N. T. Cowan; Cor. and Recording Sec'y, Jay Evans; Financial Sec'y, Martin V. Bergen. Communications should be directed to Jay Evans, Sec. Camden B. B. Club, Camden, New Jersey.

THE DETROIT BALL CLUB.—At a regular meeting of the Detroit Base Ball Club, held at the Fire Marshal's Office on Monday evening, April 2d, 1866, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: R. H. Anderson, President; Frank J. Phelps, Vice President; C. H. Vernor, Secretary; W. C. B. Teller, Treasurer; Dr. J. M. Van Norman, J. F. McMillan, and Eugene Robinson, Directors.

"LAUREL" BASE BALL CLUB.—At the second annual meeting of the "Laurel" B. B. Club, Philadelphia, held on Tuesday evening, April 2d, the following officers were elected to preside during the ensuing year, viz: President, Wm. J. Donohugh; Vice President, David W. Stout; Secretary, John S. Wetter; Treasurer, Thos. J. Smith; Directors, Chas. H. Schurk, David W. Stout, Eugene Fergus; Field Captain, Albert G. Fisher, Jr.

THE WESTERN BASE BALL CLUB, of Indianapolis, Ind., will commence their annual season on the 10th inst. At present the club numbers about forty members, and its officers for the present year are: President, Otis George; Vice President, R. Norwood; Secretary, T. O. Barbour; Cor. Secretary, W. H. Stringer; Treasurer, W. B. Murdock. It is understood that the W. B. B. C. are to play some match games during the season.

CREIGHTON BASE BALL CLUB.—To this organization, of Philadelphia, we tender our thanks for their action in making us an honorary member of their club. May all the members, by their conduct in the field, prove themselves to be "admirable Creightons."

COCKING.

COCKING IN PHILADELPHIA—A DISPUTED MAIN.—The following case, which recently occurred in Philadelphia, has been laid before us, and our opinion on the subject requested. A main was agreed upon by Joseph Schofield and M. C. Esling, and the following articles drawn up and signed:—

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 27, 1866.

Main made this day between C. Esling on the one part and Joseph Schofield on the other part. They agree to show fifteen stags on each side, ranging from 5 lbs. 4 oz. to 4 lbs., and fight each battle for $50 a battle and $500 the main. To be fought in 1¼ inch heels, each party to furnish their own round heels, and heels with what they please. The main to be fought at the house of M. Johnson; each party to meet at the house of John Carroll on the morning of fighting, at half past ten o'clock A. M., to weigh and match them; the main to be fought on Monday, April 2d, 1866; to commence fighting at two o'clock. Twenty-five dollars a side up as a forfeit, and $75 a side more to be put up two weeks before the day of fighting.

Signed, JOS. SCHOFIELD,
C. ESLING.

Witness, M. JOHNSON,
T. INGRAM.

The fowls of C. Esling, in charge of M. Johnson, who acted as his representative, were on hand at the place and time named, but Schofield did not arrive until over an hour after. Johnson claims forfeit and takes his chickens away without weighing, but Schofield on his arrival weighs his chickens, stakes up the money and wants to commence fighting at 2 o'clock. Johnson says that having claimed forfeit, he cannot take any further steps until Esling arrives from Washington by the 2 o'clock train. Schofield declares that he does not recognize Johnson in the matter at all, as Esling is the man he has to do with. The question at issue is, "Is Esling entitled to the forfeit when he did not weigh his own chickens. Or, can Schofield claim his own money."

We have received a letter from the stakeholder, which gives a similar statement of facts as the above. Our opinion is that Mr. Esling is entitled to the forfeit money down at the time specified for weighing, as it was not necessary for him to weigh his own chickens in the absence of his opponent. Esling could appoint whoever he pleased to represent him, and Schofield has no right to object.

CHALLENGE TO NORTHERN FANCIERS.—Jno. G. Arrington, one of the leading sportsmen of the Old North State, possesses one of the finest collections of game fowls in the country, which he has fought with almost unvarying success throughout the Southern States. He is now anxious to engage in a friendly tilt with some of the breeders north of Mason and Dixon's line, and to that end maketh the annexed propositions, which we commend to the consideration of those interested in the sports of the chanticleer pit.

HILLIARDSTOWN, N. C., April 2, 1866.

FRANK QUEEN,—*Sir:* I will meet the Baltimoreans, Philadelphians, or any party of gentlemen in the Northern States choosing to accept, and fight them a main of cocks at Norfolk, Va., for $100 the battle, and $2,500 the odd, with the privilege of raising if both parties agree. The main to begin on Wednesday, May 23d, and continued three days, to show 25 cocks each, to weigh not less than 4lb. 6oz., nor exceed 6lb. 6oz. The main to be fought according to Thos. Turner's cocking rules of Virginia. These rules are simple, fair and easily understood. All gaffles are considered fair that are rounded from the socket to the point, but if we cannot agree upon that point I will have two pair made by the same sett, and we will change every fight. Any one accepting this will please give notification through the CLIPPER at once, so that we may arrange preliminaries without delay.

Respectfully, JNO. G. ARRINGTON.

NEW YORK VS ALBANY.—A grand main between John Mulholland, of this city, and Frank Bray, of Albany, for $50 a battle and $1000 the odd, showing 19 birds each, is to take place at Morse's pit, in Division street, on the 11th inst.

CANINE.

JENNINGSOLOGY.—'Arry Jennings appears to be having a hunkey time out west, having been unable thus far to get any further along than Cleveland upon his return trip. Harry has been treated in a princely manner by the sports everywhere, and wishes us to express his thanks therefor, as he himself is "too full for utterance" (no allusion to gin-tails). He has disposed of his brindle and white dog Billy, the 23 pounder, to a Mr. Whittney, of Cincinnati, O., for the sum of $250, with the privilege of fighting him for $500, or $1,000 against the dog he challenged Sheffield George with. He was offered a pair of fast nags for another animile, but Harry couldn't see it, as the critter was a particular favorite. On the 27th ult. he fought a 29½lb dog against McCormack, of Porkopolis, and won his sixth successive battle in seventy minutes. He was to have fought three matches in Cleveland—two against McCormack, and one against Neill, of Buffalo, N. Y. Jennings has determined to settle down at his old ranche in Boston during the summer.

TROTTING HORSE SALE AT PHILADELPHIA.—On Tuesday, March 27th, Mr. H. S. Heiner sold, at public auction, at his country seat, near Philadelphia, a number of fine trotting horses. A pair of trotters, graceful as gazelles, realized the sum of $4,250. Another pair brought the even sum of $3,000. A single horse was sold for the sum of $4,750. Another animal was run up to $4,800, but the reserve bid was $6,000, and he was not sold. A roan mare, of illustrious pedigree and brilliant private achievements, brought $7,250. A grey saddle horse brought $1,450, and the remainder sold at sums ranging from $1,000 to $1,500.

BILLIARDS.

McDevitt's Billiard Rooms,

185 SIXTH AVENUE, 185

One door from Thirteenth street, N. Y.

This well-known Billiard Establishment, having been purchased by the subscriber, has been entirely refitted, and now contains

ELEVEN OF THE PHELAN & COLLENDER STANDARD AMERICAN TABLES.

Polite and attentive attendants. Wines and Liquors of the finest qualities. Cigars of the choicest brands.

JOHN McDEVITT,
48 (Formerly of Indianapolis,) Proprietor.

Kavanagh and Decker.

BILLIARD TABLE MANUFACTURERS,

No. 235 CANAL, CORNER CENTRE STREET N. Y.

DUDLEY KAVANAGH, having associated himself with LEVI DECKER for the manufacture of BILLIARD TABLES, and all articles connected therewith, the firm are now prepared to execute orders to any extent. The great want—a perfect Billiard Cushion—has at last been secured, in KAVANAGH & DECKER'S PATENT, the best players pronouncing it the most perfect yet introduced The choicest materials are used, and no pains will be spared to render the fullest satisfaction to purchasers. A large stock of Tables, Cues, Balls, &c., constantly on hand, to meet the demands of the trade. KAVANAGH & DECKER,

43-3m* No. 235 Canal, corner Centre street, New York.

[COMMUNICATED.]

W. H. GRIFFITH, the renowned billiard table manufacturer, 14 Fulton street, we observe, has challenged Roberts, the great English champion billiard player, to play for $10,000—the challenge to remain open for six months. Should the match take place, as undoubtedly it will, our English cousin will have to look well to his laurels. 1-It

DEPARTURE OF JOHN ROBERTS, THE ENGLISH CHAMPION.

FAREWELL DINNER BY THE KAVANAGH ASSOCIATION.

On Tuesday evening, the 3d inst., the English billiard champion, Mr. John Roberts, was tendered a farewell dinner at the Maison Doree, by the Kavanagh Association, on the eve of his departure for Europe, after his brief visit to this country. The number of guests was limited, only twenty-five gentlemen being present. Coroner Gover presided on the occasion, and during the evening presented to the renowned exponent of English billiards, on behalf of the occasion, a beautifully engrossed set of resolutions, expressive of his merits as a billiard artist, and his social qualities as a man. In acknowledging the honor done him, Mr. Roberts declared that

THE RING.

Morris Phalen
Wishes to inform his friends and the sporting public that he has taken the
HAND IN HAND,
No. 70 Main Street, Brooklyn,
and has opened a saloon for public and private sparring. Gentlemen will be attended to at any hour of the day. Choice Ales, Wines, Liquors and Cigars. All the sporting papers taken. 1-1t*

MICKEY COBURN'S GRAND SPARRING EXHIBITION.

Bang-up Boxing and a Jolly Time.

Joe Coburn and Con. Foley.

After being kept sacred from invasion by the boys for many months, the portals of Stuyvesant Institute were again thrown open to the fistic public on the evening of Tuesday, 3d inst., Mike Coburn, brother of Joe, being the inaugurator of the second term. The attendance was not large, considering the extra attractions offered in the promised set-to between those heavy-weights, Joe Coburn and Jim Dunn; still there was a pretty fair gathering of the clans, and we guess Mickey is not very much out of pocket by the show. Nearly all the celebrities in the fistic category of Gotham and "rhubarbs" were present, prominent among the number being our young friend, Ned James, looking an hundred per cent. better than when he "went to sea in ships." This was Edwin's first appearance among the boys since his return from the neighborhood of the Rip Raps—where he was compelled for "forty days and nights" to snooze under palmetto trees, and subsist on crocodiles and sand flies—and we assure you he received a "gramalkil welcome." We also noticed Bob Hare, a jolly good fellow, who maketh his habitation and home in the village which fosters our little champion sculler, the unterrified Jimmy Hamill, who he says is taking the best possible care of himself, and will leave nothing undone to bring back the coveted trophy when he encounters Harry Kelley. As has been the case too often heretofore, many of those whose names appeared upon the posters were not forthcoming upon the occasion; but the boys have become so accustomed to these "variations" that but little disappointment was manifested. But although a few couples failed to put in an appearance, there were plenty of good 'uns present to select substitutes from, and by their cheerfulness in responding to the pathetic appeals of Sir William Tovee, the hours were made to pass right merrily, and any disappointment which may have been expressed was amply repaid by the slashing bouts witnessed. "The clock struck eight," and the audience beginning to manifest their impatience in an unmistakable manner, the "unconquered hero" got a couple of kids together, whom he introduced in his own inimitable style, as

O'Mally and Harley.—These lads were not very proficient in the *art pugiristique*, but they were determined to do the best they knew how, and exchanged some pretty solid compliments and were loudly applauded by the spectators as they bowed themselves off, flushed and blowing like porpoises.

Barry, The Kid, and Young Dorney—better known as the "Arkansas Traveler"—next entered the charmed circle. They sparred some time for an opening, neither manifesting a disposition to deliver, but acting upon the defensive and jumping back out of harm's way in a sometimes very ludicrous fashion. At length, urged on by the remarks of the "chosen circle," they got to work, and once at it, did not let up until each had got in some pretty ugly-sounding thwacks, the first round ending by the Traveler going down, partly from a slip, the very necessary precaution of sanding or chalking the smooth floor having been neglected, a circumstance to which several knock-downs during the evening must be mainly attributed. On coming up for the second round the Traveler seemed resolved on getting even, and, watching his chance, sent in a left-hander straight from the shoulder, which formed a very intimate acquaintance with Barney's nasal promontory, and induced him to sit down upon the floor with fearful velocity, and utterly unmindful of the hardness of the planks. This was a square knock-down blow, and was greeted with "emence applaus." In the wind-up they did their best, ringing the chimes on each other's mugs and ribs in regular Easter fashion, and pleasing the auditors muchly. Dorney has very seldom appeared in public, and as he is but a youth, promises to make a ripper in course of time.

McMullin and "Glasgow," a couple of roosters of heavier calibre, were the succeeding candidates for popular favor. The latter, as his *sobriquet* indicates, is a native of the "land o' cakes," is a neat sparrer and has a very artistic "posish," while Mac's Milesian phisiog was overspread by a bewitching smile, and "that left" worked away like the piston rod of a steam engine. They commenced operations as soon as they got within distance, giving a very scientific exhibition and each getting home a number of good hits, but they were chary of letting out their strength, and accordingly their exchanges were in the order of love-taps, rather than the sockdolagers generally administered by such good 'uns. They retired after being well warmed up, to make way for

Bob Corcoran and Johnny Morris.—These lads showed in excellent trim, being as lively and sportive as lambkins. They understood each other's points precisely, having oft appeared on the mimic stage together before, and treated the bystanders to a rattling bout, characterized by fine science and any amount of hard raps, winding up by Corcoran measuring his length upon the floor.

Dick Holliwood and Foster, of Boston, next entered the arena. This was a very laughable encounter, as the lad from the Hub was a perfect novice in the use of the mittens, although having a wonderful opinion of his own capabilities. Dick was too much of a gentleman to take advantage of his opponent's ignorance, however, and as soon as he discovered that he had a "muff" to deal with, doffed the gloves, telling the audience, who were convulsed with merriment, that he had been deceived, as he supposed his antagonist could spar. The latter allowed that he supposed his antagonist could spar. The latter allowed that he thought he could himself until he put up his hands," which evoked another peal of laughter, and a volley of remarks by no means complimentary.

Holliwood and Grady.—The boys couldn't see Dick being obliged to put on his linen without some one to give him a shakedown, and the saileur laddie just then dropping in, he was immediately pounced upon, and in a jiffy had discarded his duds and stepped inside the ring. The little Nonpariel now had his hands full, and a splendid display of hitting, countering, stopping and getting away ensued, the superior length of reach and greater muscularity of Grady giving him a slight advantage, while that peculiar gutteral sound which accompanies his lunges kept the audience in a continual roar of laughter. They acquitted themselves in their usual happy manner, and cleared the ring for

Charley and Commodore Lynch.—As these infantile but old-looking and precocious illustrations of the beneficial effects of lynching were introduced, everybody endeavored to make themselves a few inches taller, in order to get a good view of the sport, and as the little 'uns put up their dukes, muffled with gloves almost as large as themselves, they were greeted with encouraging sallies from all sides. Did you ever see these diminutive tads in "battle array?" You havn't! Then we would advise you not to let slip the next opportunity which presents itself, and our word for it you will bless us ever after for the suggestion. To see them throw themselves into position like old stagers, stripped to the buff, and in a tasteful ring costume, and notice how wickedly they let drive at each other, looking the while as sober as judges are supposed to look, is enough to make the soberest broadbrim in old Filly shake his sleek sides with immoderate laughter. But then it's the novelty of their appearance that constitutes the attraction, for the sparring, although good for such youngsters, don't amount to much, and they exhibit no improvement. After a couple of bouts they substituted the Indian clubs for the mittens, and went through the exercise in handsome style. As they were making their way out of the circle, some benevolent individual proposed that a collection be taken up for them, at the same time heading the subscription with a fifty cent stamp. The proposition was well received, and as the urchins passed around the ring it was all they could do to gather the currency showered upon them so profusely, raking in a snug little sum—a fact which we are pleased to chronicle, as the contributions will not be unacceptable.

Dublin Mike and Jem Frawley.—Mickey possessed the advantage in height and litheness of frame, and succeeded in getting a trifle the best of the little, brawny-shouldered Jeems, who, however, managed to land some warm smacks now and then. Both gave an excellent account of themselves, engaging in a slashing tourney and creating heaps of fun. Mike and Jem are two of the most accommodating boxers we know of, always manifesting a willingness to put a shoulder to the wheel when any brother sport requires assistance. Let it be recorded!

Old Tovee, who had been as busy as a bee all the evening, now removed his kade, cleared his wind-pipe, and, in a stentorian voice, announced that Morris Phalen would be happy to render an equiv. for the stamps of those who might desire to take a sail "across the stormy water" to the classic purlieus of Brooklyn on the evening of Thursday, 13th inst. Of course we'll all go there, for Morris is a hunkey boy, and should have a full house. York and Pearl is the spot, and Tammany Hall the station. Nuf ced.

Larry McCarty and Bill Bennett then skipped upon the sacred ground "so gayly, O," and proceeded to indulge in a thorough, out-and-out slogging match, and the way they did get around, and drop their mawleys on each other's conks, was a caution to weak nerves, and made their good humored mugs assume the appearance of "biled beets." But then they didn't mind it a bit—they'd been there many a time and oft before, and it seemed the best sport imaginable to them, judging from their "open" countenances and the *nonchalance* with which each received the favors so freely bestowed by the other. The M. C. was now "discerned in the dim distance," gallivanting

Joe Coburn and Con Foley.—It had been announced that the ex-champion and Jim Dunn would set-to, but the latter was present until after the exhibition was half over, and Coburn not having up to that time put in an appearance, Jim concluded that he would not come at all, and having an engagement elsewhere, couldn't remain any longer, and so those who had anticipated seeing these high-flyers cross daddles were doomed to disappointment. However, Con was about as eligible a "sub" as could have been found for Jim, and considering the corporosity which has grown upon him since the "halcyon days of yonth," was very obliging in thus consenting to go through a sweat for the satisfaction of the "assembled multitude." Their advent was the signal for prolonged cheering, and when they prepared for the fray every eye was riveted upon them. Coburn, who has but just recovered from a severe and protracted spell of sickness, looked somewhat thinner than when he last appeared in public, but has lost none of that rapidity of movement, with both hands and feet, for which he is so noted, stepping in and out with a light, springy action, and delivering as quickly and forcibly as ever. It was evident, too, that Con's discarding of the gloves and taking up the locust had in nowise detracted from his abilities as a first class sparrer, and although his avoirdupois prevented the possibility of his participating in the cotillion business, he marked down several good ones to his credit. Altogether it constituted one of the finest illustrations of the manly art which we have witnessed for a long time, and was productive of well-deserved plaudits.

Sir William the Conqueror now "came down the middle," and, after the customary preliminaries, proceeded to "speak a piece," the substance of which was, that the inquiry had often been propounded to him, "Uncle Bill when are *you* going to have a benefit?" and that he was now happy to inform all said anxious inquirers, and the public in general, that he had secured the Stuyvesant for Tuesday evening, 17th inst., and that he should be pleased to see his friends present upon the occasion. He also said, that if any old man, aged sixty-two or three—a pound or two of no moment—desired to test his powers, he would be rejoiced to accommodate him at the period mentioned. Some one proposed a chap just turned thirty, which riled William slightly, and he replied that he did not want any such chaff, but if there was a man of his age, or a few years less, who wanted to try him he had no objection, and was confident, too, that none such could "make a plaything of him." That's so, William, nor many a younger snoozer. Everybody promised to be on hand at his exhibition, and he was loudly applauded as he retreated to look up

Mickey Coburn and Young Edwards.—All said "We'll see something worth looking at now," and the result verified the prediction, for these lads are as worthy the name of boxers as any that ever put up their hands. Although neither is by any means deficient in science, their bouts are generally upon the give and take principle. They have boxed together a great many times, and, although the best of friends, invariably use their utmost endeavors to get the upper hand of each other, putting in the hardest kind of licks, and wrestling for the fall at the end of almost every bout. There is no child's play about their boxing, and one unacquainted with their style would imagine that they were seizing the opportunity to settle an old grudge. They are as popular as any pair of chicks in the biz., and when they set-to the spectators are always sure to receive the full value of their spons. The Londoner was in better trim this evening, and succeeded in gaining a leetle advantage of the *beneficiaire*. The bout was fully up to their usual standard, and they pulled off the barricades amid a *furore* of applause; and, had there been any handy, the boys would doubtless have considered them entitled to a shower of "buckets," as some illiterate cuss once remarked in alluding to the ovation paid a fascinating exponent of the terpsichorean art. This constituted the wind-up, and after the ancient warrior had returned the thanks of Mickey, the boys struck a bee line for their equipages and rolled away toward their opulent mansions on Avenue Five. Thus terminated the inaugural night of the second season at the Institute. The sparring was of the "bang-up" character, and those who attended had no occasion to regret the hours thus whiled away. The assemblage was of a very respectable appearance, and the utmost decorum was observed throughout.

SLASHING AND WELL-CONTESTED FIGHT

BETWEEN

JOE RILEY AND JIM SHANNON, OF MONTANO.

48 rounds in 1 hr., and 13 min.

One of our extensive *corps* of correspondents, who are to be found in every nook and corner of the globe where sport of any kind has obtained a foot-hold, and our trim craft has unfurled her bunting—furnishes us with the annexed account of this prize encounter, which has absorbed the attention of the pugilistic fraternity of distant Montano for a long time past:—

Helena City, March 6, 1866.

Friend Queen:—The admirers of arenic sports hereaway have just witnessed one of the gamest prize battles which has ever taken place in Montano. Joe Riley and Jim Shannon were matched to fight for a purse of $500, on the 5th of March, but in consequence of a severe snow storm it was found expedient to defer the battle until to-day, when everything was brought off in a satisfactory manner. The ring was pitched upon the same ground where Orem and Marley fought, and the mill was witnessed by about five hundred persons. Mr. French was chosen referee, while Al. Smith acted as umpire for Riley, and Jas. W. Galloway for Shannon, Billy Nuttal being time-keeper. All being in trim for the inauguration of hostilities, the men entered the arena, Shannon having for his seconds Johnny Ludwig and Jim Connelly, and Riley being attended by Con Orem and Lon McCarty. Very little time was wasted in completing toilets, and a few minutes from the time they made their appearance the men gave the preparatory shake, and upon time being called advanced quickly to the centre, and put up their dukes for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—Riley, seemingly desirous of getting through with the job as quickly as practicable, took the initiative by delivering a left-hander on the throat, receiving on the cheek, cutting a slight gash from which the cochineal was perceived oozing. They now clinched, when some ineffectual half-arm fighting took place, and in the struggle for the fall Riley was under. Shannon gained the first two events in this round, which was the signal for much shouting in his corner.

2. Both toed the scratch in time, smiling serenely, but evidently bent on mischief. They let drive at the same moment, but each missed the mark aimed at, their shots passing over the shoulder. Some very rapid passages ensued, Riley getting on the left ogle and right ear, and Shannon planting a stinger on the potato-trap, a second well-intended right-hander falling short. In the struggle Riley was again compelled to sustain his antagonist's corporosity.

3. Both eager, went for each other immediately, peppering away in the liveliest manner to the ropes, where some vicious infighting was in order, and after a prolonged tussle Shannon was thrown heavily, and the Riley faction were jubilant.

4. Shannon commenced operations by sending in a rip-staver on the peeper, Riley returning the compliment on the nasal organ and ribs, when they rushed to a close and Shannon was again down.

5 to 13. Joseph had everything pretty much as he wanted it, although Shannon, who was beginning to fall away weak, endeavored to make the best use of his time and forced the fighting throughout.

14. Shannon's blows lacked steam, and it was evident that his strength was fast deserting him. Riley hit him whenever he pleased, getting away almost without a return. In the end both were down together.

15. Jim, freshening up a little, led off, landing a nasty smack on the jowl, and neatly stopping a dangerous looking customer which was in the act of forming an acquaintance with his dial-plate. Both down side by side.

16. Shannon again opened the ball, but fell short, and napped a one, two on the left optic and body. In a second attempt with his right, Jim was more successful, investing heavily on the nose, which was now considerably swollen, and following it up with a terrific left hander on the mark, knocked Joe off his pins, thus gaining the third event. Shannon stock on the rise and much excitement in his corner.

17 to 23. These rounds were contested in a stubborn and resolute fashion, a good many pile-drivers being exchanged, and each receiving serious punishment, Riley having the best of the fighting and exhibiting a good knowledge of ring tactics.

29 to 31. Riley seemingly as fresh as at the commencement, and danced about as lively as a kitten, while Shannon evinced symptoms of weakness. The fighting was fast and furious in character, Shannon bearing the brunt of the battle and kissing mother earth at the termination of every bout, Joe's friends offering heavy odds upon their man.

32. Shannon gathered himself, and began to force the pace, getting in some good punches and keeping out of danger very cleverly, the round ending by Riley being thrown a burster, Jim adding his weight to the fall.

33. Both men considerably shaken by the rapid fighting in the previous round and were not anxious to commence. Jim lunged out very wild, trying an upper-cut a score or more of times, but was unsuccessful in all. In the struggle for the fall both came to grief together.

34 to 41. Having renewed their wind partially, they pummelled away in rattling style, each visiting the dial several times, but Jim's left arm had sustained some injury in the fall at the close of the last round, and he could not use it effectively.

42. Shannon let fly with his right, catching Joe on the cheek and again turning on the claret, Riley sending home a smasher on the throat and another on the ribs, when they clinched and Jim's apple cart was upset.

43 to 47. It was evident that Riley was the better boxer and wrestler, and it appeared a foregone conclusion that the contest would terminate in his favor. The fighting was of a purely slogging description, the blows rattling like hail upon each other's cocoa-nuts. But Shannon was rapidly going to pieces, and frequently struck out of distance.

48 and last. Riley dropped one, two on the chest, Shannon returning a light one on the mark. Joe pasted his opponent repeatedly on the conk and ribs without a return. In the fall Shannon was heavily thrown, falling upon his left arm.

When time was called for the 49th round, it was found that Shannon had injured his arm so badly that it was utterly useless, and as in consequence he refused to continue the fight longer, the customary signal of defeat was hoisted, and Riley proclaimed entitled to the stamps, after fighting 48 rounds in 1 hour and 13 min. There is no doubt that had the unfortunate accident not happened, the battle would have been a protracted one, as both men proved themselves thoroughly game, and would have stood up as long as there was the slightest show of carrying off the palm of victory. Everybody speaks well of Orem for the care and attention which he bestowed upon his man, showing that he understood his business perfectly. The fight gave general satisfaction, and I am pleased to state that the prize ring in the Territory is on the improve. Riley's weight was 145 lbs, Shannon weighing five pounds more.

I told Con Orem that I proposed writing you to-night, and he requested me to say that he is ready and willing to try conclusions with any man in America, for from $500 to $1000 a side, the battle to come off in Montano. Now this is *the* field for fighting men; money is plentiful, and the boys throw it around freely, while no trouble need be anticipated from any quarter. If any of the Eastern sports will accept this challenge and make the trip here, they can rake in plenty of dust. There are prospects of lively times next summer. Yours, &c., Southwark."

GLOVE FIGHT FOR $500 A SIDE.

The denizens of that portion of the Sucker State yclept Cairo which has been appropriately termed the "jumping off place of all creation," were treated to an exciting contest between a couple of the pugilistic stripe on the afternoon of the 27th ult., the particulars of which are thus narrated by a correspondent, under date of the 28th. (We presume he fell overboard while paddling to the post office, which involved a return to the house for dry linen, and necessarily delayed his communication). "About a week since a challenge appeared in the *Times* of this city, from Bill Lilly, daring Frank Davidson to meet him in a glove combat for from $500 to $1,000 a side. The *def.* was, promptly accepted by Frank, and a match immediately arranged for $500 a side, to come off at the Athenæum on the afternoon of the 27th inst. There had been a deal of rivalry between the parties, and each having plenty of friends at his back, the affair gave rise to great excitement among the sporters who here do congregate. Accordingly, when the eventful day arrived, the auditory of the building chosen was jammed with an eager crowd, many of whom were pecuniarily interested in the result of the approaching contest. A ring of the proper dimensions had been rigged up on the stage of the theatre. Jimmy Burns was chosen referee, while Hughey Clark and Johnny Murray acted as umpires, and Charley Howard held the hunting case. All being in ship-shape, the principals and seconds scaled the ropes, Lilly being waited upon by Bill Turner, while Less May was *chaperone* for the party of the second part. Davidson won the toss for corners, and the men threw themselves into position. Davidson is a finely proportioned man, but was rather too corpulent to endure much fatigue or punishment. He stands 5ft. 7in., and brings down the scales at 170lbs. His rubicund visage proclaimed him of a jovial disposition, and altogether he presented a living illustration of the applicability of the injunction "Laugh and grow fat." His opponent was much the smaller man, standing but 5ft. 2in., and weighing scant 130lbs. Twenty-four winters have rolled over his curly caput, and in get up he is sinewy and compact, looking as wiry as the "capillary attraction" of an American gentleman of African descent, and as tough as a Georgia pie, in which the peculiarity is that the "shortening" is inserted the *long* way.

Round 1. They toed the scratch with alacrity, and after a little sparring Lilly sent a smasher on Davis' left optic, receiving on the ribs. A break away and more sparring, Lilly leading again with his left, getting home a sound one over the victualling department, when the latter slipped down to avoid another threatened visitation.

2 and 3. Both came up eager; Lilly commenced a waltz, and again opening the offensive, landed his right on the left listener, and got away without a return. A few feints, when Davidson dashed to close quarters, clinched, and both were down together, Lilly underneath.

4. Getting warmed up, they went at it in true slogging fashion. Some good counters were exchanged, and in the wrestle Davidson lifted Lilly bodily, and fell upon him heavily. Quotations, 2 to 1 on Davidson, with very few takers.

5. Lilly exhibited unmistakable effects of the shocks received in the three previous bouts. As usual, he took the lead, making a bee line for his opponent's nose, but fell short, and napped a hot 'un in return, on his own proboscis. In the clinch, Lilly, as usual, had the worst of it. Blood was claimed for Davidson but disallowed by the referee.

6. This was a lively round, each keeping up a running fire upon the mug and ribs. By a well directed blow, delivered straight from the shoulder, the ruby was distilled in a limpid stream from Davidson's head scentter. Second event claimed for Lilly and allowed.

7 to 20. A repetition of the last round; blood flowing profusely from the bruised physiogs of each. Lilly thrown every time.

21. Lilly came up showing symptoms of weakness. Davidson rushed at him at once, and with a pile-driver on the breast, knocked him off his pins. Great cheering, and first knock-down claimed and allowed for Davidson.

Ten more rounds were contested, very similar in character, Davidson having every thing his own way, and Lilly gone all to pieces, his seconds carrying him to the scratch in the 31st round. When time was called for the 32d round, Lilly fell down perfectly exhausted, and the sponge was accordingly elevated in token of his vanquishment, after the fight had lasted 50 minutes. The defeated man has not lost the confidence of his backers, as he proved himself game to the backbone, a good sparrer and hard hitter, but his antagonist possessed advantages which counterbalanced these good qualities. Everything went off in a pleasurable manner, without disturbance of any kind."

DEADLY ASSAULT ON A PUGILIST.

Shooting Scrape in Ned Wilson's.

The usually quiet and orderly saloon, on the corner of Bleecker and Greene streets, was the scene of a lively affray on the evening of the 2d inst., which came near resulting fatally to an outside party. It appears that while Ned Wilson and three others were engaged in playing a game of dominoes, a Frenchman named L. Bossnet, who keeps a boot and shoe store in Greene street, opposite Wilson's, entered the saloon at the Greene street door, and without saying one word, advanced to where the party were sitting, and drawing a revolver, deliberately fired at the proprietor, who with admirable presence of mind, dodged behind one of the lookers-on at the game, the shot taking effect in the right side of Harry Holcomb, who was one of the number sitting at the table. Such an unusual scene brought all hands to their feet, and Wilson at once made a grab for the Frenchman, who snapped the pistol again when within a few inches of his breast, but it failed to go off, and before the assailant could get time to cock his revolver again, Holcomb, the wounded man, laid him out with a chair; he was then disarmed and driven out of the place. The noise attracted the attention of the police, and they proceeded to the Frenchman's residence, and, after breaking in the door, effected his arrest. He was locked up over night, but the next day was put under $2,500 bail, and let out. The cause assigned for the rash act was the alleged seduction of the Frenchman's daughter by Wilson, the proprietor of the saloon. This, Wilson emphatically denies, and begs a suspension of public opinion until the trial takes place, when he feels confident of proving his innocence of the charge. Holcomb, the injured man, is a clever, sociable, inoffensive man, and great sympathy is felt for him. His wound is not as serious as at first anticipated it would be, and there is every hope of his recovery. The ball, coming in contact with one of his ribs, bounded back and came out of another part of his body, and this, no doubt, saved him from almost instant death.

About Sparring Exhibitions.—Those of our constant readers who, from their youth up, have been conversant with the workings of ye elephantine quadruped, and thoroughly posted upon the important matter of the various lunch routes within the precincts of this moral village, must have a lively remembrance of the gay and festive crowds who, in times gone by, were wont to assemble within the time-honored walls of that old metropolitan land-mark, the Stuyvesant Institute, and the scenes of mirth and jollity which there ruled the hours, and have served to render the institution famous in the eyes of the sporting world. But the boys didn't manage the thing properly—they permitted a few turbulent spirits to take the lead in these meetings, and the consequence was that rowdyism became rampant, the better class of patrons withdrew their support, and, in justice to themselves, the proprietors of the hall resolved to "shut down" upon the profession altogether; consequently, parties interested in getting up exhibitions found themselves one fine morning compelled to look for eligible sites upon the east side. The Union Assembly Rooms was then made to do duty for some time, but the obstreperous characters moved with the current, and finally disturbed the harmony of the gatherings to such an extent that that ranche was also closed against them. No other suitable hall could be obtained—at least none where the boys cared to go—and since then the majority of sparring entertainments have been given in Brooklyn, Jersey City, Newark and Williamsburgh, sometimes doing pretty well, but generally not "so goot." The commendable order and propriety with which these exhibitions have of late been conducted has, however, exercised a wholesome influence in causing them to be regarded with something like former favor, and some days since it was proposed that an effort be made to induce the managers of the Stuyvesant to relent. Accordingly the veteran and venerable Father of American Sparring, Old Bill Tovee, who has been connected with these jamborees as M. C. from time immemorial, was appointed a committee of one to confer with the gentlemen referred to. William is endowed with a pretty good "gift of the gab," and on this occasion he used it to excellent purpose, succeeding in convincing them of the good conduct and decorum which now-a-days mark fistic congresses, persuading them to recall the obnoxious decree, and now we find the boys again assembling at the old hall, and the pugs are in glee.

Avast There, My Hearties.—The skipper wishes to impress the fact upon the minds of all the young and old salts, who swear by the swelling sails and tapering masts of our rakish looking craft, that it behooves them to lend a listening ear to the appeal of the venerable M. C., Old Bill Tovee, who is to give a sparring and variety exhibition at the Stuyvesant, on Tuesday evening, 17th inst. By doing so, they will, besides seeing some of the best boxers and clubbists in the country go through their paces, be contributing their mite to a worthy object, for the old gentleman has officiated as master of ceremonies at nearly all the exhibitions given in this vicinity for many years; and this, taken in connection with the fact that he is in very needy circumstances, consequent upon the expense attendant upon his protracted illness and the burial of his beloved lady, should ensure him a jammed house. Let the boys see to it that his benefit netts him a snug pile. Tickets, 50 cents, reserved seats, $1.

All Aboard for Brooklyn.—The good people of the big village across the raging East river are to be specially favored this week, two exhibitions *fistique* being upon the tapis. The festivities are to be inaugurated on Thursday evening, 12th inst., at which time Morris Phalen contemplates giving his long postponed entertainment at Tammany Hall. A good show is promised, and the pasteboard disposed of for the original night will pass muster on the present occasion. On the heels of this comes Jim Dunn's jamboree, which is to eventuate on the 13th inst., at Montague Hall. A big bill is presented, consisting of sparring, club swinging, etc., and the wind up will be between Jim Dunn and Joe Coburn. 50 cents is the tariff. Let the Finnegans and all other lovers of genuine sport turn out *en masse*.

Not So.—The rumor that John Morrisey, the ex-pugilist, had sold out his establishment and retired from business, prior to his making the grand tour of Europe, is without foundation, although there is no telling when such may be the case, as the finger of public opinion points out Morrissey as no mean candidate for a seat in Congress one of these days. Stranger things than this have happened.

Dead.—Harry Hastings, nephew of Wm. Hastings, of pugilistic memories, died at Havana, on the 18th ult., of consumption. He was in his 22d year, and it was but a short time ago that his uncle took him in partnership in business, so well did he think of him. Harry was a young man almost universally respected.

Al. Wallace, a well-known lover of sport, died in this city on the 25th ult.

Wrestling — Mitchell to Prickett. — John Mitchell, the athlete from Queen Vic's dominions, is not at all satisfied with the comparatively easy victory achieved by Uzile Prickett, the American Champion, in their recent contest at Pittsburgh, and being desirous of having another test, sends us the subjoined challenge:—

"Pittsburgh, April 6, 1866.

Frank Queen—*Sir:*—I have just read a challenge in the Clipper from Uzile Prickett to wrestle any man in the world, and as he boasts of the ease with which he vanquished me in our late match, I wish to state that I am ready to wrestle the said Prickett for the sum of one thousand dollars, catch as catch can, both men to go into the ring with nothing on but a breech clout. I will give or take one hundred dollars for expenses to wrestle within five miles of Philadelphia or Pittsburgh, providing we cannot get the match off in the city. If Mr. P. means business, I should like to hear from him.

Yours, respectfully, John Mitchell."

AQUATICS.

James McKay,
BOAT BUILDER AND SPOON OAR MAKER.
Builder of all Hamill's boats, also Ward's celebrated four-oared boats, also Harvard and Yale University boats. Sail, Fishing and Pleasure boats built to order. Red House, 106th st., 46-13t* East River, N. Y.

Shell Boats Built to weigh One Pound to the Foot.
Spoon Oars of the latest improved style. 50 different kinds of Boats on hand. The late Yale College, Ward Brothers and Hamill's Shells were built at this shop. We are prepared to beat our last boats, as we learn something every day—at the old Boat Building Shop, foot of 114th street and Harlem River, New York.
47-tf STEPHEN ROBERTS.

The Office,
No. 13 EAST HOUSTON STREET, NEW YORK CITY,
HIGHAM BROTHERS.....Proprietors.
The best of Ales, Wines Liquors and Cigars.
N. B.—Files of English and American Sporting and other Newspapers in the Reading Room. 46-tf

THE CHAMPIONSHIP SCULLING MATCH.

America vs. England.

Hamill Preparing for the Event.

As the day draws nigh upon which our little champion oarsman has announced his intention of bidding farewell to the loving embraces of his own Mary Ann and the shores of his native land, the importance of the approaching contest is more and more universally acknowledged. That this great international match will be fraught with deeper interest than any other sporting event which looms up upon the horizon of 1866, there is not the shadow of a doubt, and this interest will not be confined to aquatic circles alone, but will be partaken of by all classes of the community; for the sight of a man who, having achieved a succession of glorious victories, and, by his unaided exertions, mounted to the highest round in the ladder of aquatic fame in his own country, boldly challenges the best man England can produce to contend with him for the possession of the proud trophy of the championship of the world, is calculated to challenge the admiration of all. We had anticipated the gratification of announcing to our readers in this issue that Kelley had signed the documents, and that now nothing remained to be done until Hamill arrived in England; but up to the time of publication of our latest English files, the articles had not been received by Kelley; however, we anticipate no trouble upon that score. Jimmy has give o'er blowing glass, and is now taking preparatory blows over the course on the Monongahela river at Pittsburgh, where he is the observed of all observers, morning and evening, as he flies through the water in his fairy-like craft. He is said to be in splendid condition—a statement we hesitate not to give credence to, knowing, as we do, that he is one of those happily constituted men who never give way to excesses, and as he never neglects his regular exercise, either with oars or weights, he is always in prime fettle. He proposes leaving Pittsburgh for this city on the 15th inst., will arrive here on the 17th and proceed to Boston on the 18th, from which port he intends taking the steamer for England on the 21st. We are informed that a change has been made in the programme, and that instead of Jim Laughlin accompanying Hamill as trainer, Harry Beaumont, of Philadelphia, will go, together with Johnny Hamill, John Paisley and a few others. Two boats are being built for him—one by Roberts and the other by McKay; whichever one best suits Jimmy's ideas upon trial will be carefully boxed up, and taken to "Old Hingland," to carry its occupant to victory or defeat when the eventful day arrives. The colors to be worn by our hero are now on exhibition in Pittsburgh, and consist of a red shirt, white tights with a blue waist, adorned with thirty-six silver stars, and a white skull cap. It is proposed to honor Jimmy with a good blowout in this city prior to his departure, as will be seen by a notice elsewhere. We are pleased to note this step in the right direction, and as our champion is in every way deserving of the biggest kind of an ovation, let our leading sportsmen turn out and do the handsome thing by giving him a rousing send off.

OUR DRAMATIC PORTRAIT GALLERY.

IONE BURKE.

This very clever young actress is one of the brightest luminaries of the stock company attached to Wallack's Theatre. She has been on the stage since infancy, having been, as it were, born on the stage, and comes from good old theatrical stock. She used to, when quite a child, perform little parts in dramatic trifles. Her extreme youth, pleasing voice, and sprightly, easy action, gained her general favor, and she was highly extolled. The symmetry of her person is captivating; her face is peculiarly happy, by having a strength of features without the least propensity to coarseness or vulgarity; on the contrary, it is so well harmonised when quiescent, and so expressive when impassioned, that most people think her more beautiful than she is. Her voice is remarkably plaintive, yet capable of all that firmness and exertion which the intrepidity of fortitude, or the impulse of sudden rage demand. So entirely is she mistress of herself, so collected, and so determined in her gestures, tone and manner, that she seldom errs, like other artists, because she doubts not her powers of comprehension. Miss Burke has a vivacious temperament, a quick perception of fun and frolic, and eyes that merriment lights up with stars.

She sings with admirable taste, judiciously blending in her comic songs the *parlante* with her singing. By this means her humorous points are brought out clearly, and the effects she aimed at are gained. She has the gift of mimicry in a high degree, and, as may be imagined from the range of characters she assumes, her versatility is great and admirable. She dresses superbly, and becomes her dress.

SKITTLES.

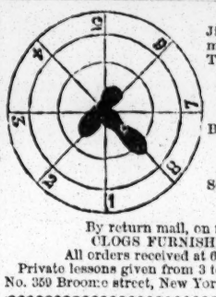
Skittles. Skittles. Skittles.
The lovers of this fine old game will no doubt be pleased to learn that there is a fine, spacious ground, well lighted and ventilated, at King's Brewery Shades, 157 W. 41st street, between 8th and 9th avenues, N. Y. Also, English bagatelle tables, European papers, long pipes, &c. This is the place where you can enjoy yourself rationally and economically. Come once and you are bound to come again.
1-1t* T. KING, 157 West 41st street.

To Lovers of Skittles.
If you wish to try your ability, come and try
MANCHESTER BOB'S GROUND,
the Best in the Country. Sign of the Rabbit Warren, Carroll st., near the Bridge, South Brooklyn.
1-4t* QUOIT GROUND.

A Challenge to Skittlers.—I, Robert Calvin, or Manchester Bob, have a man that will play Bill Cleaver, of 8th avenue, or any other man he can find, a home and home match at Skittles, for the sum of $50, or from $50 to 1, 2, 3, 4 or $500. A match can be made through the Clipper. Everything to be square.
Robert Calvin, Rabbit Warren, Carroll street, South Brooklyn.

"Skittles" at the West End.—As the bon ton keep diverging further up town every year, it is not surprising that they find out the right sort of places to spend their evenings, one of which is the famous skittle grounds at 157 West 41st street, under regal sway, where the Champions are always open for a tilt. Look up that way some time.

AMUSEMENTS.



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Appear at Pine Hall, Poughkeepsie, on the 10th and 11th inst, the company comprising the following members, J. H. Clifford, J. H. Surridge, G. L. Hall, L. M. Reese, G. Healy, Master Logan, Mons. Navoni, C. G. Long, W. Brates, M. Rogasee, G. W. Lonngan, L. W. Dixson, J. Green, G. Haywood, W. Brower, M. Carmen, and
1-1t* W. B. DURRING, Business Agent.

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That we have set apart the SMALL BACK ROOM in the Sixth story of our Eight story brown granite building on Broadway for the transaction of our business. Managers and People entrusting us with their orders will at all times find the HEAD CENTRE DURING BUSINESS HOURS, at the NEAREST TAVERN to the great building. Parties waiting to see the HEAD CENTRE will please not spit on the walls, or more than one sit on ONE STOOL IN THE OFFICE at any one time. No INTOXICATED PERSON allowed to sleep in the OFFICE. Managers and People will please forward their orders until further notice to
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This great Comedy, the performance of which is, notwithstanding its success, relinquished by
MISS KEIGNOLDS,
In consequence of her triumphs in legitimate drama, is copyrighted for America, and can be negotiated for by applying to
"PROPRIETOR OF PICCOLINO,"
1-2t* Care of this office.

IF HARRY T. ALLEN, who played at New Richmond Theatre in the winter of '64 and '65, will send his address to "O," through this office, he will hear of something which may interest him. When last heard from he was with "Castle & Campbell's English Opera Troupe." 1-2t*

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HAMILTON'S NEW HALL,
FORT WAYNE, IND.,
Opposite the public Square and Post Office. The hall is 120 feet long by 55 wide, has two dressing rooms 24 by 17 and 17 by 18 feet, raised seats, foot and border lights, and carpet. The Entrance is 12 feet wide, 30 steps high

THE LAY OF THE DIRT.

BY JOHN BROUGHAM.

With gaiters of exquisite ton,
And garments exceedingly neat,
Allured by the treacherous sun,
A lady stepped into the street.
Tramp, tramp, tramp,
She daintily held up her skirt,
But the mud it was over the instep and vamp,
As she sang the song of the dirt.

The sewers and gutters are closed,
The omnibus lumbers along;
The sweepers are plying their brooms,
And the lady continues her song.
With very commendable pride
She tries to look dainty and pert,
But she vainly endeavors her temper to hide
As she sings the song of the dirt.

Mud, mud, mud,
For nothing but mud was around,
Mud, mud, mud,
You could scarcely fathom or sound.
Mud from each omnibus wheel
Across the pavement would spirt,
And savage the lady began to feel
As she sang the song of the dirt.

With gaiters all tattered and torn,
And petticoats not over neat,
With dress all spattered and worn,
The lady stepped out of the street.
Ill, uncommonly ill,
While, with speech remarkably curt,
Her husband thought of the milliner's bill,
And finished the song of the dirt.

THE ORPHAN HACKMAN;

OR,

THE GHOST OF THE PEANUT STAND.

A TALE OF WHOA:

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH,
BY PHŒNIX McJACKLIN,
FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

CHAP. 1.

BRIAN O'BULGER, THE ORPHAN HACKMAN.

Do you see yonder vehicle attached to those beautiful coal-white horses being driven so furiously along the pave?

You do. Well, keep your optic upon it.

That vehicle is called a hack. Look for one single instant at the features of the man who is seated on the box, and you will immediately perceive, by the artistic manner in which he squirts a stream of tobacco juice in a passing stranger's eye, that he is of noble birth.

Would you know his name?

Pause and tremble before you become introduced to that terrible man. Still curious? Well, why should I stay the ways of fate? Gaze at that man and keep your hand on your shooter, when I tell you that he is——Pshaw, we will ascend to his side and see what is going on.

CHAP. 2.

JAMSY MULCAHY, THE HACKMAN'S "PARD."

Now we are by his side. Still he drives furiously. Now we are almost thrown from our seat as he pulls up at the magnificent mansion of Jamsy Mulcahy, Esq.

Eagerly Jamsy rushes out to greet his friend, and now the man who a moment ago was seated by our side grasps Mulcahy's hand and takes a friendly chew of tobacco.

That man taking the weed is—but hush! he hands Mr. Mulcahy a paper, with the request that he will read it, saying that he is French, as a reason for not doing so himself.

What does that paper contain? We shall see. It ran as follows:—

"DEAR SIR:—My house will be ready for you to-day. I hope you will succeed in your abduction. PATSY FITZPATRICK."

Another Frenchman! Ha! ha! the plot thickens.

The driver is once more by our side, and now we have no hesitation in telling you that his name is Brian O'Bulger, the Orphan Hackman!

He is also a reformed Fenian.

CHAPTER 3.

ABDUCTION OF MRS. O'SASSENACH, THE PEANUT MERCHANT.

Two hours later a vigilant policeman might have noticed a hack drive up to the stand of the well-known Mrs. O'Sassenach, the applewoman; but as the M. P. on duty in the vicinity of Mrs. O'Sassenach's place of business had given up his regular beat and was now on the dead beat, which was more suitable for his constitution, and was just at that moment oozing in the back room of a neighboring saloon, it is very probable that he didn't pay any particular attention to the circumstance. However, it was there.

As soon as it had reached a point directly opposite the apple-stand, a man jumped from it, and seizing Mrs. O'Sassenach in his arms, he threw her into the hack, closing the door with a muttered "sacre."

His ears were, however, pierced by the cries of the lady as she yelled—"Houla mon dioul, nabocklish airs, sweet bad luck to ye!" &c.

Brian O'Bulger—for it was he—then explained to his companion, who was no less than Jamsy Mulcahy, that he was sorry to drag his darling from her accustomed pleasures, but he had "swore a big oath," and he wasn't going to go back on it.

But what did Brian O'Bulger see in Mrs. O'Sassenach that he became so smitten? Did she have patent calves? you ask.

No.

Did she have a swelling bust made to order?

No, again.

Did she have plumpers?

No, sir. All her charms were her own, and that's just where the Orphan thought he had a good soft snap.

And he was right.

"But," observed Mr. Mulcahy, as the horses plunged onward, "are you sure Patsy Fitzpatrick won't play off on you?"

"Dead sure," said Brian.

"And your other sweethearts—what will you do with Brigetto, the ballet girl?"

"She must never be seen alive again. I rely on you, Jamsy, in that little affair."

"All right," said Mr. Mulcahy, "'tis but a trifle; and Miss Mulrooni, the opera singer?"

"True, I forgot," said the hackman thoughtfully; "but ha! I have it, Cornelius the bootblack will take her, and what are fifty like her to Mrs. O'Sassenach? Jamsy," continued he, "you may have the rest of them for your fidelity."

"Shake," said Jamsy, laconically.

They both shook hands and the bargain was completed.

CHAPTER 4.

THE TREACHERY OF PATSY FITZPATRICK.

But where is the husband of the injured woman all this time? Where, O! where is Phelim O'Sassenach at this momentuous moment? Do you wish to know? Well I will tell you. He's around to Mrs. McGrunger's sampling whiskey at five cents a nip. There he sits on an upturned cask, conversing with a stranger. That stranger is Patsy Fitzpatrick; Patsy has told him all, and Phelim's face assumes a diabolical expression. Suddenly O'Sassenach jumps up and grasping a cheese-knife in one hand, a beer-faucet in the other, and a red herring between his teeth, he commands Patsy to lead him to his betrayer. Patsy is perfectly willing to lead him, but protests with tears in his eyes that he must have a drink to keep his spirits up. After drinking they start out and arrive at Mr. Fitzpatrick's house shortly before the hack.

At length they hear the rattling of wheels and they prepare to meet the foe; a knock is heard at the door, and the gallant O'Sassenach rushes to open it. Somebody enters and Phelim gives whoever it is a belt where "he keeps his nose," and then quietly proceeds to "cut his heart out." After this is done, judge of his surprise when Brian comes in and informs him that he has killed his own wife. O'Sassenach begins to tear his hair out, but reflecting on the high price of wigs he desists, and forthwith invites Brian O'Bulger as well as Jamsy Mulcahy to be present at the wake. At the coroner's inquest a verdict of "died of disease of the heart" was given, and whenever Phelim speaks of the manner of her death he refers to it as "a manifestation of Divine Providence."

CHAPTER 5.

GRAND FINALE AND THE GHOST OF THE PEANUT STAND.

And every night about twelve o'clock,
Comes the ghost of the peanut stand.
Old song.

Phelim O'Sassenach was shortly after married to Mrs. McGrunger, and now has the pleasure of sampling the whiskey without paying for it. Brian O'Bulger is still cock of the walk, and has Jamsy for his right bower. As for the unfortunate policeman whose neglect was the cause of Mrs. O'Sassenach's death, he has become insane, as the load upon his mind was too heavy for one man to carry (you must remember that he was a new M. P.) and he now imagines that he can see her ghost—the same as in life—retailing peanuts and apples to the passers-by. Having accomplied my mission by rewarding the virtuous and punishing the wicked, I now must say *au revoir*.

SLEEP.—Exercise your body and your mind gently till you are tired, and no longer; sleep till you are refreshed, but no longer; when the bed becomes irksome get up, if circumstances permit; when again Nature calls for rest, follow her dictates, and regard not the time or hour. In health, custom rules; but when sickness takes the helm, nature will not be controlled. In good health, seven or eight hours sleep is generally sufficient; a disposition to lie in bed beyond the usual hours generally arises from some derangement of the digestive organs. In sickness, if the patient is favored with sleep, nothing will so soon renovate and restore strength; when a nurse perceives her patient inclined to sleep, let everything give way no matter what time it happens. A patient should never be awakened to take medicine; no medicine can be so beneficial as sleep, which is the balm of Gilead of this state of being, and comforts both mind and body, beyond any other thing. Sleep is sound, sweet and refreshing, according as the alimentary organs are easy, quiet and clean.

A MILITARY MUSCLEMAN.—"The Eldora (Iowa) *Ledger* gives an account of a man living in Hardin county, who is said to be stronger than Dr. Winship. His name is Walter Hadlock. He was a member of Company C, of the Sixth Iowa Infantry. During the march of Sherman's army to the sea he lost his right arm in a skirmish near Macon. He seems to suffer but little inconvenience from the loss, and chops wood with his left arm. It is no unusual effort for him to cut and cord two and a half cords per day, and he offers a wager of fifty dollars that he can split one hundred and fifty rails a day."

THE QUESTION, does getting drunk ever advance one's happiness? would seem to be put to rest by the Irishman who went courting when drunk, and was asked, what pleasure he found in whiskey? "O, Nelly, it's a trate entirely to see two of your swate purty faces instead of one!"

THE RACES, RACILY CONSIDERED.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY THE "FAT CONTRIBUTOR."

The two leading races are, the race of man, called the human race, and the horse race, which some consider inhuman. The Indian race is nearly run. A mill race or a race to a "mill" occurs when a prize fight is announced. Of all the races that have been upon the tapis recently, the black race attracts the most of public attention. Congressmen make speeches upon it, clergymen preach about it, and Wendell Phillips is ready to bet his money on it.

I flatter myself that I know something about the horse race. I had a passion for horse racing when a lad, and used to run horses with a neighbor's boy in Tompkin's lane. How vividly do I recall my last race. I rode the governor's grass fed mare, a sorrel roan, if I remember correctly, with two white feet in the forehead. She was a little foundered in one eye, but, with the exception of something like a watermelon on each knee, her intellect was unimpaired. She was sired by Canal Horse, and d——d by every one who drove her. Neighbor's boy rode a cream colored chestnut, with a spring halt to harness. On the home stretch I was a neck and half a shoulder-blade behind, gently encouraging the old mare to do her level best by the application of a corn cutter to her aged ribs. The limp which she had in her eye prevented her taking a clear view of a heap of cobble stones in the lane, and when she struck them there was a stumble, a clatter of stones, horse shoes and old bones, and the old mare was wrecked and no insurance.

I was picked up bleeding and insensible, and I made the remainder of the home stretch on a stretcher, coming in under one blanket. The race was decided in my favor. The judges allowed, although I was a neck behind when the old mare stumbled, yet, as I escaped without my neck being broken, I came out *a neck ahead*.

Although exceedingly fond of the races, I don't attend them very often now-a-days. My corpulency is too annoying. They charge me double for my ticket, and I can only get in through the horse gate. Then the boys yell, "Here comes the prize ox!" and insist on my being trotted over the course to show my points.

The first thing that struck me at a race course—no, not the first thing, for that was the shaft to a sulky, but the next thing—was the open disregard of the rules of the course. Although "public stand" was painted upon a shed in letters so large that the horse that runs may read, there were the public sitting down. But the public have to *stand a great deal* at the race course. I saw another shed labelled "reporter's stand." I asked a reporter what it meant, and he whispered, "stand treat." I stood it.

"Bidding off pools for the horses," was the reply I received, when I inquired the meaning of an auction scene on the course.

I innocently inquired if those pools were horse ponds, but he only gave me a look of silent contempt. I finally dropped a fifty dollar note in one of those pools. No more "pool" for me.

Foot races are not as popular as they once were. People are too lazy to run now, unless they run for office. I ran for a prize once in a foot race. I was not quite as fat as I am now. I only weighed four hundred and forty-seven pounds. It happened thus: I was attending the Oneida County Fair at Utica. They got up a prize for the fastest runner. In those days (this was before the onerous tax on whiskey), I used to indulge occasionally in that cup which makes us cheer and be an inebriate, as Cowper hath it. In a playful moment I asked the boys to get me tight and have fun with me, and they took me at my word. The barkeeper assisted them by putting liquor in my gin cocktail, while my back was turned, adding alcoholic stimulant to my whiskey, and pouring decoctions of malt into my beer. I have since suspected that tobacco was mingled with my cigars, but on that point I am not quite clear.

Although it exhausted the contents of nearly every bar on the ground to do it, yet I got "full," and the fumes of the liquor arose from my stomach to my brain, as from an immense cauldron, causing me to behave in the most ridiculous and insane manner. I felt as etherial as a sylph, and actually went half through with a flip-flap, landing on my back. I attempted to throw a back summersault through a balloon, resulting in the total annihilation of a confectionary stand, into which I dove head first; I ruthlessly seized the "Fat Woman" in her tent and spun her around in a waltz until she shrieked. I offered to permit the "Living Skeleton" to hold me out at arm's length sitting on his palm. My absurdities drew a crowd of delighted spectators, and when it was suggested that I should compete for the prize at the foot race, fool that I was, I eagerly jumped at the offer.

No Athenian athlete ever entered the area amid such tumultuous applause as greeted my appearance upon the course, pealed for the race. Talk about the Grecian games; they afforded no such *game* as I did that day. There I stood among the other contestants, pants secured around the waist with several pairs of borrowed suspenders, (my own were insufficient to go round,) shirt collar unbuttoned and bald head shining in the sun like a polished snuff bladder, or a ten cent watermelon.

The crowd jeered and yelled. One advised me to lie down and roll around the course. Another said if I couldn't run around I had better black my face and try a "walk around." I think he was a minstrel.

"You run a foot race?" said a butcher, derisively, taking in my size and fatness with a professional eye, "there is only one thing you are fit to run."

"What is that?" said I.

"*Run candles!*"

Frenzied by the insult and the yell of laughter which went up from the crowd, I rushed at my tormentor, who turned and fled. As I pursued him, devastation followed upon my track. I overturned threshing machines, got entangled among cultivators, upset bee hives, crumbled patent fences like glass, in getting over them, dashed through the floral department, amid the shrieks of the women, as flower pots went toppling to the ground, and finally, in my blind frenzy, stumbled headlong into a vat of crude petroleum. A huge dredging machine, for use in our harbors, being on the grounds, was bought into requisition and I was scooped up and left high in the air to dream. If I had had any itching to be "in oil" before, that experience satisfied me. Thus ended my first and last foot race.

Yours racily,
"FAT CONTRIBUTOR."

L'AFRICAINE;

OR,

A SLAVE'S DEVOTION.

CHAPTER XL—[CONTINUED.]

Selika trembled; but recovering herself quickly, she ordered her troops to advance forward by one sudden movement, so that they might gain the Moor's tent, for she judged that Inez and Anna were in this. Uncertain as to the fate of the Portuguese ladies, Selika pressed forward, now that she had regained her strength of nerve. The fight was little more—within a space narrowed more and more momentarily—than a hideous melee—than a braying crash of sabres, which battered against each other with flashes of fire—ferocious exclamations, interrupted by the poignard—carcasses rolling beneath the feet of the living—combatants locked in each other's arms, staggering and trembling over the arena, blood spouting over their faces—sobs stifled by the steel, and cowards shrieking for mercy—cries, insults, and shouts of savage laughter—whilst the rays of the sun, attracted as it were to the scene, diverged widely among the trees, streaming with ruddy gold over the picturesque and warlike magnificence without the tents. Groups of men might be seen, ghastly, terrified, and convulsed—pallid with terror—drunk with wrath—inundated with blood, which ran everywhere—struggling with feet, hands and teeth—crawling like reptiles to preserve life—thinking only of defending themselves against resistless force, in order that they might not expire without vengeance. Such were a few features of this terrible and strange fight. But what of those poor prisoners whom we left in the tent of Hanno, the Moor? The latter had given an order for their immediate execution. When the Nubian slave, with his drawn scimitar, swept his eyes round the chief pavilion, the Portuguese ladies were nowhere to be found. The quick-witted Zelinda had taken advantage of the momentary hesitation of the Moor, to withdraw them from a spot which was, at this time, so especially dangerous. She had some difficulty in making herself understood, as she could not speak a word or sentence in any other language but her own. It was by signs only that she contrived to make Inez and Anna comprehend that they were to trust in her. After some little hesitation, they followed Zelinda out of the Moor's tent; the latter conducted them towards a thick clump of trees: here they remained for some time without molestation. But although they were in comparative safety for a brief period, escape was impossible. At every point they were surrounded by fighting, mad, infuriated soldiers. Hanno's chief executioner rushed wildly out of the pavilion and called loudly for Anna and Inez. At length the hiding-place of the Portuguese ladies was invaded by a band of Moors, who dragged them forth, struggling and screaming, into an open space. The Nubian slave caught sight of them. He advanced with his shining weapon poised in the air. Zelinda threw herself between the black and his intended victims. She was caught up in the arms of the Moorish soldiers.

One of them she stabbed with her poignard; the other hesitated a moment before he struck off the head of the beauteous Amazon. His hesitation saved the life of Zelinda, for it gave him time to remember that she was the favorite of his chief. He let fall his weapon, but still held her in his grasp. The position of Anna and Inez was now a critical one. Zelinda expected to see their heads roll in the dust. The colossal black slave whirled round his avenging steel; but ere it descended a loud report was heard, and then he leaped up for a moment, and on the next he fell upon the sand, motionless and dead. He was shot through the heart.

CHAPTER XLI.

DESTRUCTION OF THE MOORS—THE DEATH OF HANNO.

The ball that had sent Hanno's chief executioner to his account had been discharged from Vasco de Gama's carbine. Our hero, Gaspard, Hapgood, and the Portuguese sailors, had fought their way through hosts of contending enemies, till they had gained Hanno's tent. The screams of his country women directed Vasco's attention to their position. He soon succeeded in arriving within gun-shot of the ruffians who surrounded her and her companion, the Donna Anna. Singling out the Nubian, and taking steady aim, he fired; we have already seen with what effect. For a moment after this the Moors appeared to be paralyzed. They, however, soon recovered themselves, and then, with a wild cry for vengeance, they precipitated themselves on the Portuguese. Vasco was fully prepared for the onslaught. His men brought their muskets to their shoulders, showing one line of shining barrels to the gaze of their enemies. The Moors did not as yet fully comprehend the deadly and destructive nature of these weapons. They advanced, with fierce hatred glowing in their flashing eyes. At the word of command, the Portuguese sailors fired. They were at this time so close to the Moors that it was next to an impossibility for even a single shot to fail hitting its mark or lodging in human flesh. The fire of the Portuguese was murderous; heaps of dead and wounded men attested this. Before the Moors had time to recover from the disorder into which they had been so suddenly and unexpectedly thrown, another volley was discharged into their midst. A scream of delight—a sort of wild war-whoop—escaped from the throat of Zelinda as she observed the destruction and consternation among the Moors. Vasco de Gama, followed by his two officers and men, advanced towards Zelinda and the two Portuguese ladies.

"Vasco!" exclaimed Donna Inez, as she threw herself in his arms and burst into a passionate flood of tears. "Vasco! my savior and protector; has heaven spared you to be again by my side? Alas! it appears to be impossible that we should have both lived thru all the trials and miseries we have passed through."

"There is no time now for us to indulge in vain regrets, dear Inez," returned Vasco. "Think only of the present, and let us hope for the future. We will now either live or fall together!"

In the space of a few minutes after this the Moors began to recover from their confusion. They whooped suddenly round, and made preparations for a renewal of hostilities. Standing at a respectful distance from the Europeans, they regarded the latter with malevolent looks. By this time the Portuguese sailors had reloaded their carbines, and were prepared to receive their enemies, who did not, however, seem so confident as they had been on the occasion of their first assault. At a few hundred yards' distance from the spot where he stood, Vasco observed a mud hut, which was situated at the extreme end of the African village to which allusion has been already made. He looked anxiously at this, as he believed it might afford shelter to the Donnas Inez and Anna. In a few hurried whispers he explained to Gaspard and Hapgood his mode of action. He purposed fighting the Moors, and then beating a retreat to the mud hut. Keeping his men in as close and compact a body as possible, he awaited the coming assault. With wild shouts, the Moors once more rushed forward. They were again received by a galling and destructive fire; but having learned by this time that the weapons of the Europeans were of little or no value until they were reloaded, they sought to bear down the Portuguese before they had time to ram home the charges of their carbines. They came on with a wild war-whoop after the first fusilade. Vasco had anticipated their intentions. He had directed only half his men to fire; consequently, when the Moors came within a few yards of the Portuguese sailors, the carbines of the latter vomited forth their contents. The ranks of the assaulting party were most wofully thinned, their leader was shot through the brain, and a general panic seemed all at once to seize them. Some few, however, more bold than the rest, advanced with poised lances upon the Europeans. The latter drew their sabres, struck up their lances, and then fell upon the Moors, whom they cut down without mercy. When this had been done, Vasco ordered his men to retreat, which they did in regular order. It was now his purpose to fall back upon the mud hut. Once in this, he felt that he should be able to stand a long and protracted siege even against overwhelming numbers. Meanwhile the fight had been continued with unabated fury between Hanno and Selika's troops. From the very first burst of the affray the African Queen had been protected by a band of devoted followers who were under the command of Nelusco. It would be impossible to render sufficient justice to the bravery of these men. Selika lived in the hearts of her people and her soldiers, and dreadful as the carnage had been amongst the latter, they never for a moment wavered. At last, Hanno, disfigured by the blood with which he was soiled, regarded his foes with tiger-like expression. He gathered his lancers in a long line, and endeavored by one well-directed and vigorous assault to pierce in to the very heart of the African troops, that he might thereby succeed in capturing their Queen. It was at this period of the battle that Nelusco shone forth as the foremost man among his race as a warrior, and a devoted servant of his monarch. The Moors were much quicker in their actions than the Africans; no one knew this better than Nelusco, as he had met them in the field on many occasions. He, therefore, fully comprehended that Hanno's assault in line might prove to be disastrous to those under his command.

With surprising energy he gathered his men together, and bid them halt; then he formed them into a square, or rather parallelogram, the four sides of which were composed of rows of men ten deep. In the centre of this he placed his reserves, Selika and her suite. He went rapidly from rank to rank, and cheered them by assuming an air of confidence; some he complimented; to others, he pointed out the absolute necessity there was for holding their position—begging them, at the same time, to remain true and firm to the cause of their Queen, and not to flinch when the troops of armed horsemen came upon them. While these preparations were being made by Selika's trustworthy officers, Hanno had mounted his horse, and placed himself at the head of his lawless followers. It would be difficult to give anything like an adequate description of this cavalry charge. We have already noted that the Moors are proverbially wonderful horsemen. By one brilliant and overwhelming charge, Hanno hoped to scatter the ranks of his opponent. Retiring some distance off, that he might thereby advance with greater impetus, he marshalled his lancers, and ordered them to gallop headlong, regardless of all impediments, into the very centre of the Africans. The Moors urged on their steeds to the utmost. A cloud of dust enveloped the line of horsemen. The shouts of the soldiers, the champing of bits, the clattering of accoutrements, told those who were awaiting the assault that their enemies would soon be upon them. It was an anxious moment with the poor Africans, who, at all times, have evinced so much dread of the Moors, when these last are mounted on their fiery and snorting steeds. Onward—onward like the waves of the sea, like the roar of a torrent, the Moors, heedless of the bristling rows of spears presented to them by their opponents, rode full at Selika's devoted band of followers. The first horsemen fell mortally prone; but nothing daunted, their companions followed on in quick succession. They succeeded in partially penetrating into the African ranks. Hanno had worked himself up to a pitch of frenzy. He called upon his lawless followers to renew the assault. He used entreaties, threats—anything, in short, that he thought would serve his purpose.

Fighting his way over the dead bodies of his soldiers, the Moorish chief gained the centre of the African square; he was followed by a few of his choicest troops. He made direct for the spot where Selika was stationed. Nelusco now brought up his reserves; heading them himself, he at once attacked the Moors with singular resolution. And now the fight within the square—the four sides of which were composed of walls of men—was of a desperate and sanguinary nature. The slaughter committed by the Moors among the Africans was terrible. The confusion was at its height, and every one began to tremble for the safety of Selika. What the ultimate result of this hard-fought day would have been it is impossible to say—that is, had the Moors and Selika's troops been left to fight it out. Such, however, was not the case. Vasco de Gama, by this time, fully comprehended the position of his allies. He gained the hut, where he continued to remain unmolested; for those of Hanno's troops who had attacked him, wheeled off, and joined their companions. The hut was situated on rising ground; consequently the Europeans had a full view of the battle.

Zelinda trembled when she observed the critical condition of the African Queen. Seizing one of the sailor's carbines, she signified, by motions, that she would hasten forward to the assistance of Selika. At the command of Vasco, Gaspard and three of the Portuguese sailors accompanied her. Not many minutes had elapsed before this little party found themselves in the centre of the African square, as the lines of soldiers fell on one side to afford them a passage into it. When once within the square, Gaspard gave orders for his men to level their pieces. Three shots were fired, and three Moors rolled from the saddles of their horses. It has often been remarked, by officers of modern times, what apparently trifling circumstances will turn the tide of battle. The report of the guns, and the sudden death of the three Moors, together with their riderless horses, seemed to immediately alter the aspect of affairs.

Gaspard was not slow to observe the temporary advantage. He gave orders to his men to fire at the horses instead of their riders. It will be, perhaps, needless to observe that this command was obeyed with promptitude by the sailors of the Tagus. Several horses were wounded, and the consternation and confusion this created baffles all description. The poor brutes plunged, kicked and reared, and did infinitely more damage to their masters than the shots of the enemy. Covered with dust and blood, Hanno roared himself hoarse in calling to his men, who, although unquestionably brave under all ordinary circumstances, now appeared to lack their wonted courage. They hesitated. Nelusco, with a grim smile of satisfaction, observed their altered demeanor. Leading up his reserves, he attacked them once more, and this time it was with better success. The resistance they offered was not at all comparable to that shown by them in the earlier part of the engagement. There could now be but little question as to the ultimate result of the conflict.

Hanno felt that defeat, and, indeed, total annihilation, was certain. His vindictive and sanguinary disposition developed itself. Regardless of his own serried ranks, or the lives of his men, one thought only occupied his mind; this was, how he might deal a swift and sudden vengeance upon the woman whose hosts he had so vainly contended with. A shot from one of the Europeans had killed the horse he had been riding, and he had, therefore, been fighting on foot, in company with many others of his soldiers who had lost their steeds. Gathering them together, he led them towards the African Queen, who, in the confusion consequent upon the deadly strife, was no longer surrounded by her guards. Hanno crept on with his few followers; but his motions were not unobserved by the faithful and attached Nelusco, who, engaged as he was in the assault upon the Moors, had not forgot his Queen. It was lucky for her that the intentions of the wily Hanno were discovered. Nelusco turned from the fight, and rushed towards his Sovereign. He was followed by a number of the African troops. He arrived up in time to see Selika receive the sword of Hanno upon her own. She had dexterously guarded a blow which had been fiercely dealt by her rancorous enemy.

"Coward!" exclaimed Nelusco. "You dare not fight men, but must needs raise your sword against a woman! Miserable robber and murderer! it is written down in the book of fate that this day you are to die!"

The Moor made no answer, but he turned upon the speaker with a look in which hate and all uncharitableness were blended. Some of the Africans now sprang forward to cut down the leader of the Moors. By an imperious motion, Nelusco waved them back.

"He must not die so!" he ejaculated. "He who insults my Queen must fall by my hand! Harm him not! Be mine the task to chastise this wholesale robber and murderer!"

"Wretch!" exclaimed Hanno, through his set teeth. "Infamous braggart!"

"It is written down in the book of fate that this day you are to die!" answered Nelusco. "Prepare!"

These ominous words seemed to completely cow and unman the superstitious Moor, who was no longer the skilful master of the weapon, in the use of which he had been so much famed. Nelusco commenced a vigorous attack upon his panic-stricken antagonist, who contented himself with warding off the blows in a mechanical manner. After the first attack, Hanno seemed all of a sudden to come to the determination of selling his life as dearly as possible. He aroused himself from his partially lethargic state, and then, by a swift and sudden movement of his sword, he strove to take his adversary by surprise, and gain the advantage. But Nelusco's quick eye followed the movements of the remorseless Moor, whose blows he warded off with singular dexterity. Groups of persons with anxious faces were watching the issue of this combat between the two commanders. Hanno, at this time, could have been readily despatched by Selika's troops, for the battle was over, and victory was with the Africans. It was, therefore, nothing more than chivalry on the part of Nelusco to engage in single combat with the man who was now completely at his mercy. Indeed, long before the duel—for it can be termed little else—was over, the whole body of the Moors had been slaughtered, with the exception of those who lay upon the sands wounded, and a few—and these were few indeed—who had made their escape. Little else was now heard save the clash of weapons wielded by Nelusco and Hanno. To have seen the two men at this time, one would have supposed them to be about equally matched, and in any other position such might have been the case. Under the present circumstances it was, however, not so. The advantage was all on the side of Nelusco, who was confident and full of vigor; his antagonist, on the contrary, was no longer possessed of the iron nerve which he had so frequently displayed. He felt already a conquered man. He had seen his troops fall, till not one of them was left to tell the disasters of that fatal day. Then again, something seemed to whisper in his ear that his last hour had come. He felt assured that such was the case, for even assuming he succeeded in slaying Nelusco, which did not appear to be at all probable, the Africans would be sure to avenge the death of their chief by immolating his destroyer on the spot. The contest between the Moor and Nelusco still continued without any perceptible advantage on either side. A number of men, who formed part of Arana Yeera's troops, now gathered round the spot; it was with difficulty that they were restrained from falling at once upon Hanno, against whom they bore an almost inconceivable hate. At length Nelusco pressed his antagonist hardly; the latter was constrained to fall back some paces before the vigor of the assault made upon him. The clash of steel against steel was more rapid and continuous, and presently a dull, dead sound told that one of the weapons had struck against a human body. Staggering and bleeding from a dreadful gash in his head, which had open his skull, Hanno struck out once or twice wildly with his sword, and then his right arm fell; Nelusco's weapon again descended with terrific force upon the head of the Moor, who on the next instant was stretched on the sands, without life or motion. The duel was over—Nelusco was victor!

TO BE CONTINUED.

SUCCESSFUL TRIGGER PRACTICE.—Three California hunters, named Wadsworth, Tilden and Lee, recently brought three hundred and thirty-four ducks and ten dozen snipe into Stockton, the result of a gunning expedition.

SPORTS ABROAD.

GREAT COLLEGE BOAT RACE.

CAMBRIDGE VS. OXFORD—OXFORD WINS AGAIN.

One of the most interesting of sporting events in England, especially in aquatic circles, is the annual eight-oared boat race between picked crews of the above named renowned seats of learning. It takes place on the Thames, and although this year the starting hour was early, the banks of that classic stream were thronged in the vicinity of the course on the morning of Saturday, March 24th. In betting, Oxford had the call at odds of 7 to 4.

THE START

took place amid great and general excitement at 7.50 A. M. Cambridge were the first to take to their boat, quickly followed by Oxford, both crews receiving shouts of applause. The Cantabs took up their station at the Surrey side, in mid-stream, with a sluggish tide under them, and up to the Point the river was smooth. Two barges were moored astern of them, and Mr. Searle (the starter) took up his position. The Oxonians were soon alongside, doffed their Guernseys, and at the words "Get ready, go!" they were the first to dip their oars, and steadied themselves to work instanter. Cambridge, flurried in the catch, were slightly behindhand, but, taking a livelier movement, drew up to their opponents abreast the London Boat-house, and, as they made for the Point, Cambridge showed in advance by a few feet, but Mr. Forbes, giving his crew a wide berth when shooting for the Soap-works, made the progress of the Cantabs appear slow, when contrasted with the never-deviating swing of the Oxonians, who were nearly a length astern in passing the Soap-works, but quite clear of any back-wash. From this point it seemed as if Mr. Tottenham meant his men to pass through Hammersmith Bridge first, but Mr. Forbes kept boring him to the north side, and he was obliged to steer clear twice to avoid a collision of oars. Hammersmith Bridge was reached in 8 min. 16 sec., Cambridge being their own boat's length to the fore. Going through Corney Reach, a stiff south-wester made the water rough, and Cambridge, the first to get into it, seemed for a few strokes to be all abroad. Oxford now quickened their pace, and gradually improved their position, amid the encouraging shouts of their friends. The Cantabs answered the spurt, but their too low feather, cresting the waves, made their efforts very arduous, yet they managed to keep in front to the top of Chiswick Ait. The "dark blue" in the middle of the river now came it in dashing style, and crossing over, with their head pointed for Barnes Bridge, their stroke increased the lead, and, favored with smoother water, took it apparently easy, whilst the "light blue," notwithstanding all their exertions, were slowly but surely dropping astern, and showing signs of exhaustion. At Barnes Bridge (passed in 20 min. 25 sec.), it must have been awfully galling to the now hopeless "light blue" to receive the full force of the back-wash of the Oxonians, whose boat must have been only a few feet ahead, and they looked determined now to hold their advantage, and for other fifty yards kept straight ahead; and at last Camuridge had to steer out into the stream, and thus fell astern about two clear boats length, a position they tried to alter by increasing the pace, but Oxford answered spurt by spurt, and finally won by that distance. (Time, 25 min. 51 sec.) The result was never in doubt with those who scrutinised the style of the men, for although Cambridge led to Chiswick Ait, and before reaching the Soap-works had placed a length and a half between them and their opponents, still their advantage was only on sufferance, to judge from the cool way in which Mr. Tottenham eyed his adversaries; and, whenever it was necessary to give an impetus to the "dark blue" to keep a good course, or prevent the Cantabs from stealing too far ahead, he gave the word. The reply was not only an increase of strokes per minute, but a longer reach was obtained, and the Oxford boat gallantly answered the extra strain. This was most observable as they rode through, rather than over, the waves in Corney Reach, and here their higher feather skimmed over, but did not touch. The Oxonians had decidedly a great advantage in having a coxswain like Mr. Tottenham, who has before steered them to victory, and is quite old and clever enough to give them the cue for going. The want of such a guide in the Cantabs' boat was very apparent; and they thoroughly outpaced themselves, their strokes per minute ranging from thirty-five to forty-one. Their coxswain did his work perhaps as well as any one of his years could have done under the exciting circumstances; but there is no doubt that Mr. Tottenham had a great deal to do with winning the race by judiciously giving the tip when to "put it on." The crews afterwards exchanged friendly greetings, and rowed down to Putney. The crews were as follows:—

OXFORD.	st	lb	CAMBRIDGE.	st	lb
1. R. T. Ralkes (Merton)	10	13	1. J. Still (Caius)	11	7
2. F. Crowder (Brasenose)	12	0	2. J. R. Selwyn (Trinity)	11	6
3. W. F. Freeman (Merton)	13	4	3. J. W. Bourke (Trinity)	12	4
4. F. Willan (Exeter)	12	2	4. H. Fortescue (Magdalen)	12	2½
5. L. F. Henly (Oriel)	12	8	5. D. F. Stevenson (Trinity Hall)	12	6
6. W. W. Wood (University)	12	7	6. R. A. Kinglake (Trinity)	12	9
7. H. P. Senhouse (Ch. Ch.)	11	5	7. H. Watney (St. Johns)	10	13
8. M. Brown (Trinity)	11	0	8. W. R. Griffiths (Trinity)	11	12
C. R. W. Tottenham, (Christ Church) (cox.)	8	12	A. Forbes (St. Johns) (cox.)	7	12

WINNERS OF THE UNIVERSITY MATCHES.

Year.	*Date.*	*Winner.*	*Place.*	*Time.*	*Won by*
1829	June 10	Oxford	Henley		Easy
1836	June 17	Cambridge	W to P	36m	1m
1839	April 3	Cambridge	W to P	31m	1m 45s
1840	April 15	Cambridge	W to P	29½m	⅝ of length
1841	April 14	Cambridge	W to P	32½m	1m 4s
1842	June 11	Oxford	W to P	30m 45s	13s
1845	March 15	Cambridge	P to M	23½m	30s
1846	April 3	Cambridge	M to P	21m 5s*	2 lengths
1849	March 29	Cambridge	P to M	22m	Easy
1849	Dec. 15	Oxford	P to M	A foul	Foul
1852	April 3	Oxford	P to M	21m 36s	27s
1854	April 8	Oxford	P to M	25m 29s	11 strokes
1856	March 15	Cambridge	M to P	25m 50s	½ length
1857	April 4	Oxford	P to M	22m 55s†	35s
1858	March 27	Cambridge	P to M	21m 23s	22s
1859	April 15	Oxford	P to M	Cswamp'd	C sank
1860	March 31	Cambridge	P to M	26m 5s	1 length
1861	March 23	Oxford	P to M	23m 28s	48s
1862	April 12	Oxford	P to M	24m 41s	30s
1863	March 28	Oxford	M to P	23m 10s	43s
1864	March 19	Oxford	P to M	22m 15s	26s
1865	April 8	Oxford	P to M	21m 50s	4 lengths
1866	March 24	Oxford	P to M	25m 51s	2 lengths

In addition to the above the Universities have contended together five times for the Grand Challenge Cup at Henley Regatta, on which occasion Oxford have been three times the victors, viz.:—In 1847, 1851, and 1853; and Cambridge twice, viz.:—In 1845 and 1855, and Oxford beat Cambridge at the Royal Thames Regatta in 1844.

* The first University race rowed in outriggers.

† The first race in which either University rowed in the present style of eights without keel; also the first time either rowed with round oars. Both used the same kinds of oars and boats.

TWO VETERANS IN THE ARENA.

Some time since those old members of the British milling fraternity, Old Bob Cross, of Westminster, and W. Ralstrick (better known as "Old Smith,") made a match to fight at catch-weight for £10 a side, and on the 22d ult., the encounter was satisfactorily brought off in the London District. Cross is 52 years of age, 5ft 6in in height, and weighed 10st 6lbs. His first recorded battle was in 1842, when he defeated one Woodey, of Chelsea, for £10, on Sept. 13. He was afterwards defeated by Hunt (after a protracted battle) and Fitzgerald; but made

To Correspondents.

"NOBODY," Philadelphia.—We received your notice all O. K., and "stopped the solution," but subsequently it appeared against our wishes, owing to an inadvertence of our own. We feel annoyed, but hope you will forgive us.

Game No. 1.---Vol. XIV.

Played between Messrs. Stiles and Griffin.

SINGLE CORNER.

Black. Mr. Griffin.	White. Mr. Stiles.	Black. Mr. Griffin.	White. Mr. Stiles.
1..11 to 15	22 to 18	13..14 to 17	22 to 18
2..15 22	25 18	14.. 1 5	26 22
3.. 8 11	29 25	15..17 26	31 22
4.. 4 8	24 20	16..10 14	18 9
5..10 15	25 22	17.. 5 14	27 24
6..12 16	21 17	18..14 17	22 18
7.. 8 12	17 13	19..17 22	19 15
8.. 7 10	27 24	20..16 19	15 8
9.. 9 14	18 9	21..19 28	18 14
10.. 5 14	32 27(a)	22..12 16	20 11
11.. 3 7	24 19	23.. 7 16	23 18
12..15 24	28 19	24..20 32 drawn	14 10

(a) 31 to 27 or 30 to 25 also draws with correct after play.

Solution of Position No. 101.--Vol. XIII.

BY A. J. F.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..24 to 19	15 to 22	4.. 9 to 14	2 to 6(or 22 to 25)
2..14 9	11 7	5..15	19, and draws.
3..19 15	7 2		

Solution of Position No. 102.--Vol. XIII.

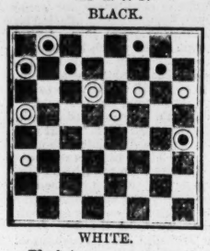
BY J. DRUMMOND.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..14 to 9	5 to 14	5..19 to 10	22 to 26
2..18 2	7 11	6..10 7	26 31
3..22 18	13 22	7.. 7 3	31 24
4.. 2 6	10 15	8.. 3	8, and wins.

Position No. 1, Vol. XIV.

BY A. J. F.

BLACK.



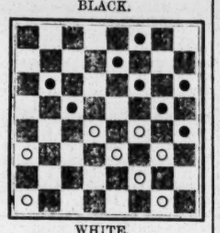
WHITE.

Black to move and win.

Position No. 2, Vol. XIV.

BY J. DRUMMOND.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

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ITALIAN MEDICATED SOAP.

This delicious compound—so deservedly a favorite with the public—is universally acknowledged to rank *foremost* among modern inventions; and this celebrity is accorded to it for its astonishing powers of *purification*, as well as for its surprising *medical* and *chemical* properties. Its action on the human skin is so marvellous, that but for the enlightened state of society it would be accredited to the power of magic, and its inventor probably suffer at the stake as a wizard! The days of necromancy, however, have gone by; but SCIENCE, happily, wears a belt of far greater potency than the golden one of the mighty Hermes. Certain it is, that the *transformations* which dark, rough, chapped, freckled, tanned, or pimpled skins are made to undergo, by a free use of GOURAUD'S *Italian Medicated Soap*, exceed the power of magic! It is so highly *medicated*, that the entire host of cutaneous eruptions are immediately cured by it; it is so *emollient*, that the toughest, roughest, hardest skin is speedily made as soft and smooth as an infant's; its *chemical* properties are so *powerful*, that the thickest epidermis which a tropical sun ever tanned into swartness, can be easily rendered soft, pliant, clear, and brilliantly white; and it is so highly *scented*, that a delightful fragrance will float the livelong day around the person using it! For the mere purposes of the toilet, nothing can *surpass* it; as a purifier and cleanser of skin, *nothing can equal it*; as a *shaving compound*, it is the most delicious article extant, and no gentleman who values a luxurious tonsorial operation should for a moment be without it. If it is valuable to the *maiden, wife, mother, father, brother*, or *lover*, it is, if possible, more so to the helpless *nursing*, whose tender skin, so frequently chafed and sore, cannot have any thing more delightfully *soothing* applied to it than GOURAUD'S ITALIAN MEDICATED SOAP!

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THE TURF.

Hoboken Course--Spring Meeting.

THE HUDSON COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY

Will hold their regular Spring Meeting at the Hoboken Course and Fair Grounds, four and one-half miles west of Hoboken, on the 19th, 20th, 21st and 22d June, 1866.

NO POSTPONEMENT on account of weather.

No deduction for a walk over.

FIRST DAY—TUESDAY, JUNE 19TH, 1866.

FIRST RACE.—The Jersey Stakes, a sweepstakes, selling premium of $300, for all ages, $50 entrance, pay or play, for one half-mile dash. The winner to be sold at auction immediately after the race; and unless the winner realise at such sale more than $1,000, the owner shall be at liberty to retain his horse. All over the sum of $1,000 so realized shall go to the Society. All horses entered or run in this race shall carry weight for age.

To close 1st June, 1866.

SECOND RACE.—Selling premium of $300, for all ages, one and one-half mile dash. Horses entered to be sold for $1,500 (no entries will be received for a higher price), to carry their appropriate weight; those entered for $1,000 allowed 7lbs; those entered for $500 allowed 14lbs. The winner to be sold at auction immediately after the race. All over the price named in the entry to go to the Society. The owner to retain his horse should he bring less than the sum named in his entry.

Entrance to this race, five per cent, and to go to second horse.

THIRD RACE.—The Ferry Stake; a Post Stake Premium of $400 for all ages, two mile heats, $50 entrance, pay or play; to carry 100 lbs., except in case of three year olds, which shall carry their appropriate weights. The second horse to save his entrance.

The subscriptions to this race to close 1st May, 1866, and the horses to be named in writing and delivered to the Secretary, at his office on the grounds, at or before 12 o'clock the day previous to the race.

SECOND DAY—WEDNESDAY, JUNE 20TH, 1866.

FIRST RACE—Hurdle Race; a Handicap Premium of $400, for all ages, two mile dash, over eight hurdles. Five per cent entrance to go to second horse. Entries to close 1st June, 1866, and weights will be announced at the Course on 10th June, 1866; four or more to fill, and three to start, or no race.

SECOND RACE—Premium of $350, for all ages; 2¼ mile dash; five per cent entrance, the second horse to save his entrance.

THIRD RACE—Hoboken Stake; a Sweepstake Premium of $300, for three year olds, mile heats; out of mares which never produced a winner; $50 entrance, half forfeit. To close 1st May, 1866.

THIRD DAY—JUNE 21ST, 1866.

FIRST RACE—Selling Premium of $400, for all ages, 2¼ mile dash. Horses entered to be sold for $3,000 (no entries to be received for a higher price), to carry their appropriate weights; those entered for $2,000 allowed 7 lbs; those entered for $1,000 to be allowed 12 lbs.; those entered to be sold for $750 to be allowed 17 lbs.; the winner to be sold at auction at the usual terms as stated above, the second horse to save his entrance money.

SECOND RACE—Sweepstake Premium of $200, for all horses which never won a race. Entrance $25, pay or play, second horse to save his entrance. Dash of 2½ miles. To close 1st June, 1866.

THIRD RACE—Premium of $400, for all ages. Two mile heats. Five per cent. entrance.

FOURTH DAY—JUNE 22, 1866.

FIRST RACE.—Steeple Chase—A Handicap Premium of $600, for all ages. About three miles, over a fair hunting country. Entrance 5 per cent., to go to second horse. Entries to close June 1, 1866. Weights announced at the Course June 10, 1866. Four or more to fill, and three to start, or no race.

SECOND RACE.—Sweepstakes—Premium of $400, for three year olds, dash of two miles, $50 entrance, pay or play. To close 1st of May, 1866.

THIRD RACE.—The Press Stake—A Post Stake Premium of $700, for all ages, to carry 100lbs., (except three year olds, which shall carry their regular weights), three mile heats, $100 entrance, pay or play, second horse to save his distance. To close 1st May, 1866. Horses to be named in writing to the Secretary at or before five o'clock the day previous to the race, or within thirty minutes after the close of the last race of the day previous.

The Association have now the assurance of six subscribers to the Ferry Post Stake, and of five subscribers to the Press Post Stake.

Entries to all premiums (except stakes) to be made to the Secretary in writing, on the grounds, within thirty minutes after the close of the last race of the day previous. In the above stakes the entrance money is added to the premiums, except in the Post Stakes.

The first race, each day, will come off promptly at 1:30 P. M.

All entries and other communications to be addressed to the Secretary at Hoboken, N. J., until the 18th June next. On and after that date they will be delivered to him on the grounds. In all races the usual allowance of 3lbs. will be made to mares and geldings.

J. HARVEY LYONS, Secretary,
52-tf Hoboken, N. J.

The Dark Chestnut Trotting Stallion.

NOMINATION

By Wild Irishman, dam by Cassius M. Clay, out of an Abdallah mare, Abdallah by Mambrino by imported Messenger, the best trotting blood in this Country, will stand from April 1st to August 1st, at the hotel of D. G. Gale, in the Village of Montgomery, Orange Co., N. Y. $25 to insure and money collected when proved in foal. The best of pasture at $6 per month. All accidents and escapes at the risk of the owner.

48 13t* JESSIE R. WOOD, Agent.

Sweep for the Epsom Derby, 1866.

273 SUBSCRIBERS AT $10 EACH.

The drawer of the First Horse to receive	$1,000
The drawer of the Second Horse to receive	500
The drawer of the Third Horse to receive	300
The drawer of the Fourth Horse to receive	130
Equally divided among Starting Horses	550

NO DEDUCTIONS.

Entrances must be made before May 1st. Drawn May 16th.

For further particulars, address

50-tf THOS. RICHARDSON, 100 William st., N. Y.

THE RING.

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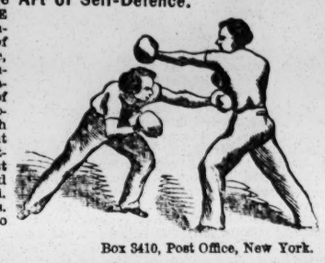

Box 3410, Post Office, New York.

Small Terriers--Bill Fletcher has just received a stock of very small terriers from England. Amongst them he has a little blue terrier weighing 2 lbs., and one 3 years old, weighing 2½ lbs.; and several others about the same weight.

If the old fanciers want a treat, let them call, and judge for themselves.

I will show four of the smallest for all properties of the terrier against anybody. These little dogs are very good killers, and will be kept for stock. I will also show the little dog, Punch, and his brother, weighing two ounces, and two inches in length; and the 32 lb. dog Dragon, and a number of the Canine race.

Rats always kept on hand, and good accommodation for Dogs. Dogs trimmed, and treated for all diseases.

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City Summary.

MONDAY, April 9th, 1866.

DAY before yesterday we received a letter from a friend in the country who periodically bothers us with long epistles. He commenced by saying that he now took his pen in hand to inform us that he had nothing to say, and hoped that his note would find us in the same condition. Well, it does;—that is, almost. We have sat patiently in our old arm chair waiting for something brilliant to enter our noddle and to pass thence to its appropriate place on paper, but the "funny" won't come. We had a sort of a presentiment that we should fail in amusing the CLIPPERITES this week, and so we requested a lazy contributor to furnish us with something witty. He is a highly tragical cuss—this lazy contributor is—but fondly imagines that he can do everything and something more. So without a moment's hesitation he promised to give us the required humor at the shortest possible notice. Hence it happened that we left a blank space in this column and bided our time for the lazy boy to come forward. At the very last moment he put in an appearance with the joyful intelligence that his job was completed. Too much pleased to hesitate, we immediately (as is our wont or will) crossed the itching palm of the literary procrastinator with the promised stamps, whereupon he "got up and got." Then we turned complacently to the manuscript, fully prepared to laugh at the stinging satire or sharp puns. "Phancy our phelinks" when we dis covered, in lieu of the humorous article, the following verses, which to us appeared anything but amusing. We give the lines, but solemnly promise not to employ the author as clown when we get rich and start a circus on our surplus capital:

Where are the friends of old!—
The faithful friends of the past,
Whose hearts as pure as Eastern gold
Were firmly true to the last?

We ask for those friends to-night,
And lo! a voice replies
From the churchyard bleak, where the grim ghosts speak
Through every breeze that sighs.

And the voice these words would say,
Could you hear its tones aright—
"Your friends for aye have passed away
To the realms of purer light.

"The 'sports' of the bygone days,
The sturdy and honest men,
Have yielded their breath to the Monarch, Death,
And will never come back again."

So we bow in deeper pain
As we think of the hearts of gold,
And our tear-drops fall like summer rain
On the graves of the friends of old.

Ah, well! Our lazy contributor touched a tender chord in our heart by those words. It seems such a little time ago since we grasped the hands of men who won fame in their day, but who, alas! fill nameless graves now—such a little time since they walked the mimic stage and gained that fleeting shadow, popularity. But we ought not to forget the changes that the revolving years bring. Even the familiar landmarks are gone. Where the "Old Park" stood, the demon of trade holds high carnival; and the Old Bowery, where the elder Booth and so many others played of yore, is sadly changed, for the noble Hamlet and the great Richard have passed away, and their places are filled by "Jack and Gill," who, as the play bill announces, "will go up the hill." It is well somebody is on the up grade. Well, we must leave the dead past to bury its dead, and turn from these sadder reflections to something of a lighter strain, for should we continue longer we do greatly fear that you will vote us a more solemn fellow than our lazy contributor himself.....Spring has commenced in good earnest; the balmy breezes blow, and Nature, which is in full sympathy with the Finnegan movement, has already commenced to manufacture a green robe so large that it will readily cover the O'Mahoney, the O'Roberts, the O'Sweeny, "the men in the gap," or any other man. We like April, barring its first day and its showers. We don't see the twittering birds, or the budding flowers of which the poet sings, to any alarming extent, but it is, nevertheless, mighty pleasant to saunter up Broadway after our pleasant daily duties are finished, and watch the crowds that sway to and fro on that great thoroughfare. We tried it one day last week, and it would take the lightning calculator some time to count with accuracy the number of pretty girls that we met. They were all arrayed in the spring style. We don't know exactly what the spring style is, but they had it on. We attempted once to learn something of feminine fashions, but we didn't succeed very well. It was "in the days when we went gipsying, a long time ago," when we were courting Maria Jane. She had a new bonnet all covered with frills and furbelows and things. She slung it around carelessly like, and though it looked dainty and frail, we concluded that it had some cast iron foundation to hold it together, so we took it up and squeezed it—just as we used to do with Maria Jane herself—when lo! and behold! the whole thing fell to pieces. The ostrich feathers, the lace, the flowers, and the hull became a complete wreck. Our lady-love wept bitter tears and called us a brute, and we, as in duty bound, went next day and purchased her a new bonnet. We had no definite idea of what the cost would be, but concluded that it would come to two or three dollars. We went to Madame Bonbon's millinery store and told her that we were ready to stand the tin for a bully bonnet. She took a number out of the cases and wanted us to examine them; but we gave her to understand that such games were played out in our case, and as we used to talk fight then we plainly intimated that we had "busted the crust" of one of those things on the preceding evening, and that we had made a vow never again to meddle with that sort of female toggery. So Madame Bonbon made the selection and relieved us of a twenty dollar bill, with the observation that it was "remarkable sheap." We have told you this personal reminiscence as a sort of an apology for our ignorance on the subject of fashions. Yet, ignorant as we are, we cannot fail to notice some of the changes that have taken place. Now-a-days you may meet whole tribes of gipsy headed people on Broadway, looking lovely as the day. A few years ago the women all dragged long trails behind them, and if one, to avoid the mud, raised her dress ankle high, she was pronounced rude and immodest. Now the dear creatures, with their usual fickleness, have gone to the other extreme, and

"Lovely woman *loops* to folly."

But after all, the pretty girls know best what pleases the masculine world, and so long as bright eyes and rosy cheeks, and red lips, and delicate hands, and dainty feet exist, the fair ones may dress as they please and we won't grumble. And before we drop the subject of women, we wish to tell you that there is to be a Hen Convention next month, up to Brother Cheever's Church. We have received an invitation to be present, and have carefully perused the "call." It is to be a national affair, and the strong-minded females propose to bring arguments and green cotton umbrellas from all parts of the country. The two-fold object of the convention will be to crush the tyrant, man, and to prepare a petition to Congress for universal suffrage. The Presidentess and the Secretaryess give us to understand that the time for action hath arrove, that they are going to fight it out on their own line if it takes all Summer, and that Mrs. Susan Marc Anthony will have the inside track in the great presidential scrub race of 1868. So look out for the 9th of May. Our fighting editor will be on hand to report proceedings, and if the "tyrant, man," is crushed, we shall tell you how many rounds it took to accomplish the job.....Now that we have touched on almost all conceivable subjects, let us get to our legitimate work, and take a glance at he city theatres, and their unparalleled attractions.

MR. W. HOLSTON, one of the finest actors on the American stage, but who has had very little opportunity to show himself since he arrived in this country, as he was not only kept shelved nearly the whole of his first season at the Olympic, but has been buried at Wallack's like many other fine actors the past season—took his benefit on the 6th inst., playing Sampson Burr, in the drama of the "Porter's Knot," and Jacob Earwig, in "Boots at the Swan." Owing to a law at the Wallack mansion, no stock actor is allowed to give to the public more than five days' notice of his benefit, and this not only prevented Mr. Holston from advertising it as he wished, but was the sole cause of the slim attendance on his night. The management seem to think that there is but one person connected with that theatre that is of any consequence to make a fuss over, and this is Mr. Lester Wallack, who appears this evening, after a long absence from the boards, and he, forsooth, must be carded at the bottom of the bill for weeks before he appears. The stock engaged at this house is, in some respects, the finest in the country, and if the manager would only give each and every one a fair show, he would find the business much better than it has been this season. Mr. Holston has had very little opportunity to let the public witness some of his best characters, but when he has had a chance, as on his benefit night, all praise has been bestowed upon him. His Sampson Burr was one of the heartiest bits of real character acting witnessed on the New York boards for some time. It was not only well rendered by dress and make up, but by entering thoroughly into the spirit of the part.

MR. AND MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS commenced an engagement at the Winter Garden on the 2d inst., opening in "The Lakes of Killarney" and "An Hour in Seville." The Irish Boy and Yankee Gal—as they are termed—were welcomed by a good house, but by no means a crowded one. The same pieces were performed each evening during the week, but on no evening was the house crowded, or such enthusiastic audiences present as have generally attended their performances. In the first piece, Barney entered heart and soul into the business. He is generally natural, as *fast* in the business of the stage, and never loses a point in the author if it can be made to tell. But there is in some of his impersonations a want of feeling, or, more properly speaking, pathos. He has the voice and certain intonations which can be made subservient to this important expression of the feelings, and if he neglects them and their use, the fault is his and not the author's. "An Hour in Seville," in which Mrs. Williams shines most brilliantly, is a very neat but improbable trifle. It affords every opportunity to show her wonderful versatility of talent, as she impersonates ten characters. The sudden changes, splendid dresses and her artistic impersonation of the opposite characters introduced, elicited much applause.

"THE THREE GUARDSMEN"—an adaptation from Dumas' celebrated work of that name—was produced at the Olympic on the 2d inst., after months of preparation. The present is by no means equal to the adaptation of Joseph C. Foster, produced in this city several years ago. The most thrilling incidents of the work have not been selected by the Olympic adaptor, although what he has done is very clever and well worked up. The plot of this romantic play is as follows:—Cardinal Richelieu, who is in love with Anne of Austria, Queen of Louis XIII., but who is unsuccessful in his woolngs, determines to crush her. He first learns that Anne has had a private interview with the Duke of Buckingham. The Cardinal has his spies everywhere, and one of them is Lady de Winter, one of the ladies attached to the Queen, from whom he learns of this meeting. He informs the King, who insists upon better proof. Through the cunning of Richelieu, the King gives a state ball and requests his Queen to wear the jewels he gave her on their wedding day. These jewels she has given to Buckingham, and this the Cardinal knows. Ten days are given her to prepare for the ball. The Duke having left for England with the jewels, the Queen gives up all hopes of getting them in time. Constance, the Queen's confidant, sets her wits to work to regain the jewels. Meeting with D'Artagnan, who has been made a guardsman, she informs him of the plot to crush the Queen. He falls in love with Constance, and promises to set sail for England and return with the trinkets. He is successful in his mission, returning with the jewels just as the Queen has been disgraced at the State ball and put under arrest. The Queen triumphs, and Richelieu is outflanked. This is a mere outline of the plot, but is sufficient for our purpose. It was carefully placed upon the stage, the scenery being very beautiful, and the acting—with one or two exceptions—could not have been better. George Fawcett Rowe was cast for the *role* of D'Artagnan, but it was entirely out of his line. Mr. Rowe is a good eccentric comedian, and probably one of the best burlesque actors on the stage, but when he attempts to play light comedy parts he is like a fish out of water. He did not seem to have the least idea of the character of D'Artagnan, who is a regular Don Cæsar De Bazan, a rollicking, devil-may-care fellow, ready for any adventure, never mind what the consequences may be. Instead of this, Mr. Rowe made him a second rate walking gentleman, and, as it were, walked through the part without infusing into it any life. Mr. Rowe, to our mind, possesses a certain peculiarity which is all his own. He clothes many of his actions, that should apparently be simple nature, with a stiffish, prosaic man creation, which seems fraught with a species of involuntary grace. In the first act of the "Guardsmen" he was very tame, but in the second he warmed up a little, only to fall off lamentably in the last act. His drunken scene in the second act was very badly done, as was also the business of relieving the guard at the state ball. This scene affords an actor an opportunity of doing some very nice "business," but Mr. Rowe did not understand it. We remember the late Harry Perry in this *role*, and when he changed places with the guard it was so cleverly and artistically done that it brought down several rounds of applause. Again—does Mr. Rowe suppose for a moment that he would be allowed to attend the state ball in his shirt sleeves, with the King and Queen present? After having received the jewels he had plenty of time to put on a doublet, instead of appearing as he did. The fact is, Mr. Rowe did not have the least idea of the part and was even on the second night very imperfect in the text. Mad. Methua Scheller looked and acted remarkably well as Anne of Austria. It is not often so natural, so charming, and so clever an actress appears on the boards. She has a brilliant voice, just enough of that sweet German accent to make it pleasant; she is a sterling actress. Mr. Stoddart's Richelieu was fair to middling. Mrs. John Wood looked and acted charmingly as Constance, the maid. Miss Kate Newton's Lady de Winter was marked by a peculiar excellence. J. B. Studley, George Boniface and C. H. Rockwell as Athos, Porthos, and Aramis, the Three Guardsmen, were very clever. Mr. George Kames, a new addition to the company, appeared as Boniface, and his make-up and acting were excellent. The cast throughout was a strong one, and the last scene very clever. The first night the house was crowded to suffocation, and the same on Tuesday evening. The play has made a big hit, and will doubtless enjoy a lengthy run.

MAD. MACARTE arrived in this city on the 4th inst., from Havana, where she has been performing for several months.

MISS. LAKE arrived in this city from Germany on the 5th inst. Out of five performing horses she was bringing to this country three were lost on the passage, owing to storms, etc.

MISS EMILIE KNAUSS made her *debut* at Irving Hall on Saturday evening, 7th inst., at a grand concert given for the benefit of the *attaches* of Irving Hall. The lady, who is a pupil of Messrs. Mason and Thomas, the celebrated artistes so well known to all concert goers, is said to have achieved a decided triumph. She selected for the occasion a Polonaise composed by Chopin, which is considered one of the most difficult compositions by experienced professionals, and a grand duo for two pianos with Mr. S. B. Mills. In both of these very complicated and exquisite productions she evinced great talent and immense power of conception rarely met with in *debutante* pianists, and gives evidence of the most careful and untiring study. Brilliant success is anticipated for her wherever she may appear. The whole performance was a decided musical treat.

JOHN OWENS changed his coat since our last, appearing before the patrons of the Broadway as Caleb Plummer, in "Dot." Old Cale, with his humble attire, simple habits and honest nature, is one of John's best impersonations; but notwithstanding this fact—notwithstanding the advent of the Easter holidays—it has failed to attract large audiences. We think both manager and actor made a great mistake in keeping Mr. Owens before the people after the houses "let down" on 'Solon Shingle." Mr. O. could have traveled on that one piece and made out much better than he has of late in this city. He should have taken Solon's tide of success at the flood and drifted away to other fields and pastures new, as a poetic Finnegan once wrote. "Old Cale" will be given this week, to be followed the succeeding week by "Paul Pry," "The Victims," etc. The engagement of Mr. Owens will terminate on the 28th inst.

"A HEAD without a body" is one of the unexplained dark mysteries now being exhibited by the San Francisco Minstrels, who are a go-a-head band, having both head and body of equally talented proportions, and whose success is no unexplained mystery, but the natural result of attention to business, and obedience to the demands of their patrons. One of their latest acts is the "Committee of Ways and Means;" if they hope to imitate the Washington committee they will have to exhibit some very mean ways, which they ain't on it at *this* house of colored representatives.

EARLY CLOSING.—Despite the "brilliant success," the "great hit," and all that sort of fictitious nonsense indulged in by the management of the Parsonage, and endorsed by "press and public," in referring to the spectacle of "Valiant Valentine," official notice is given that "the winter season" will close on the 14th inst., and with it the valiant deeds of "Valiant Val." During the past week things wore a very chequered look, and coming events cast their shadows before as well as behind the curtain, eclipsing the future prospects of the house just as the shadow of the earth recently put the pale moon out of sight. The place has been badly managed from the start, the result of which is a heavy loss to those interested. Poetry on to it:

At the Parsonage the congrega-
Tion grows still smaller nightly,
They should give 'em something like a play,
Or shut the church up quitely.
"What shall we do?" says H. A. Da-
Vis—"biz shows no improvement."
The Rushton said—"I see no way
But the early closing movement."

"HERMANCE, THE CHILD OF FORTUNE"—translated from the German by various "gentlemen of this city,"—is to be performed at Niblo's, for the first time in this city, this evening, April 9th. Maggie Mitchell assumes the title *role*, while the full strength is enrolled in the rest of the cast. This week will close Miss Mitchell's engagement, which has been less successful than those which she has previously played in this city. Should the "Child of Fortune" prove a child of fortune at Niblo's, we shall then probably learn who is the *real* author of the bantling. At present it is fathered by a dozen.

THERE IS SAID to be no real enjoyment without its pain, so the Bryant Minstrels have engaged Ira Paino to join their forces this week, and take part in their entertainments.

"UNCLE JOHN."—You all know "Uncle John"—for as such he is generally known in the profession—but for fear his long illness may have "lost him to your memory dear," we will just remind you that we refer to that veteran prompter, John Crouta, who was prostrated about two years ago by a severe stroke of paralysis, which incapacitated him from pursuing his professional duties. We are glad to learn, however, that "Uncle John" has nearly recovered, and many of his New York friends—in the hope of starting him once more on "the rugged road of life"—contemplate giving him a complimentary benefit shortly, when we trust that the professionals will do what they can to assist him, after his long and severe affliction. He has been favorably known here for the past forty years. Need the public be prompted to promptly acquiesce in the worthy prompter's appeal?

A REAL, LIVE NIGGER—not corked up for the occasion—is to give the lovers of his race an opportunity to see him without his being able to see them. "Blind Tom" is its name, and the piano its occupation. If you are used to having your "eyes shut up," you will be told that the black is blind, that playing the piano is natural to him, that he is of idiotic extraction, and all that sort of thing; consequently he endorses President Johnson's policy, Civil Rights Bill and all other bills not constructed on the same model as himself. "Nigger Tom" is to show in this city during the week. Fifty cents will take you in, and other scents will bring you out. Seriously, however, this live black can play the 'possum as well as the piano. At the present time, when this eternal nigger business is agitating the public mind in this city, we do not think it a wise proceeding to bring these black monstrosities here, and attempt to foist them upon white people as living examples of our artistic advancement.

LUCILLE WESTERN terminates her engagement at Wood's Theatre on the 14th inst., somewhat earlier than was at first contemplated. On the 10th and 11th, she is to appear as Mrs. Haller to Barton Hill's The Stranger. "Woodcock's Little Game" will be played every night as an afterpiece.....Lucille will be followed on the 16th by Charles M. Barras as the Hypochondriac.

LOFTY LEAPS, surprising summersaults, rare riding, astonishing acrobatics, glorious gymnastics, curious clowns, and many other wonderful things, may nightly be witnessed at the New York Circus, opposite the other (hoarse) opera house. Manager Lent has been fortunate in securing good talent throughout the season, and the public, appreciating the novelties constantly presented for their amusement, have always made the auditorium look lively, respectable, and remunerative.

"THE INFANT."—Katie Bateman comes before us once more, at Niblo's, on the 16th inst. She is fresh from the "cradle of liberty," as our Boston friends persist in styling their mixed-up city, where the pap she received was not as strengthening as she had anticipated it would be, her audiences being by no means large or boisterous, in consequence of the people of that burg still being impressed with the idea that their "big organ" is a head and shoulders above our New York "infant;" or any other of our productions. Miss Bateman will probably experience the same falling off in patronage here, unless she gives us something fresh and novel. The public pant for novelties, as the India rubber dealer exclaimed when he produced a new neck tie.

A SENSATION is promised us at the New Bowery this evening, and during the week, in the person of Miss Leo Hudson, who, with her horse Sensation, will appear in the thrilling drama of "Mazeppa." Leo will assume the character of Mazeppa, while Hudson's mild steed will do the wild horse of Tartary. When stripped of all superfluities, "Mazeppa" never fails to draw, but when the leading character is taken by one of the gentle sex, attired in that natural costume which has been so attractive to man ever since it floored Adam, in the days of Eve, then does it crowd the house, and make enthusiastic the beholders of this novel bare back act of horsemanship. Let a freshet of greenbacks float in upon, and fill with grateful emotions the great full bosom of the noble Hudson.

"THE PILLAR OF FIRE" will be put out at Barnum's with the close of the current week, so that "all those persons who have not secured their tickets" to see "Moses in Egypt," will have to hurry up their cakes "and settle for the same." You will really lose a treat if you miss seeing this scriptural drama, for it is entertaining alike to Jew and Gentile, and may be witnessed by the most inveterate rough with safety and profit. In addition to Moses, Mr. Barnum has secured a Paradox, which he shows every day and evening—he calls it an intelligence without a soul—we call it a Sphpnx. By all means take a look at Moses and the Paradox.

"THE WORKING GIRLS OF NEW YORK" may be seen every evening in Chatham street on their way home, "as soon as their day's work is done," but if you are so unfortunate as not to see them there, you can behold the "Working Girls of New York" at Tony Pastor's Opera House, a new drama with that title being on the bills for this week. It is by John F. Poole, a very clever dramatist of this city. The "Working Girls" will be dressed in new scenery, moved with new machinery, and mounted with all the resources of the establishment.

THE OLD BOWERY announces this as the last week of that classical production, "Jack and Gill." We should think it would take pretty fair in some of the provincial concert saloons.

FRANK RIVERS & Co., give notice, through advertisement in another column, that they will commence the general dramatic, musical, equestrian, costume and purchasing agency, at No. 25 West Houston street, on the 4th of May, and solicit a share of the patronage of managers and performers. See card.

DAN BRYANT and his well-known troupe of Ethiopians are giving a very funny entertainment, including, among other novelties, an exhibition of a large elephant, of India-rubber complexion, with which the exhibitor goes through a series of astounding performances. It is a very laughable act, and never fails to bring down the house, if not the elephant. The usual variety of singing, dancing, eccentricities, etc., will be interspersed throughout the programme.

ANOTHER MINSTREL GONE.—E. Byron Christy, well known as a popular minstrel performer and manager, died in this city on the 6th inst., after a lingering illness. He was 28 years of age, and his disease, consumption. He was the son of Harriet and the late E. P. Christy.

MESSRS. CONNER & Co., the well-known theatrical agents of this city, are striving hard to do a heavy business, and that they may have room therefor, have leased larger premises on Broadway, where they intend having every facility for suppying the wants of both managers and people. In this week's CLIPPER they have a number of advertisements for people, including a first old man and travelling agent; they also want some scenery for a traveling company. Messrs. Conner & Co., are the accredited agents for Carrie Augusta Moore, M'lle H. De Lee, and others. For additional particulars see advertisements.

EDWIN FORREST sails for California by the first steamer.

THE MENKEN will probably appear in her great speciality of "Mazeppa" on her opening night at the Broadway Theatre. Manager Wood is making arrangements to place it upon the stage in a style of excellence. Monday evening, April 30, is the time fixed upon for her first appearance. Managers from various parts of the country are negotiating for her services at their various theatres, and "The Menken" has more offers than she can attend to.

A SUIT AGAINST the estate of the late Wm. E. Burton was commenced in the Court of Common Pleas on the 9th inst. It is brought by Phœbe Shotwell Rynders, to recover the amount of two promissory notes, each of $2,000, given by Mr. Burton in 1859. Not yet decided.

ANOTHER ACTOR GONE.—George H. Andrews, one of the old school of actors, died in this city on the 7th inst., in his 68th year, and was buried from St. Thomas' church this, Monday, afternoon. Mr. Andrews was well known to the theatre goers of this city and Boston. Mr. Andrews was born in London in 1798, and made his first appearance on the stage in Manchester, Eng., in 1819, as Lothair, in "Adelgitha." Made his first appearance on the American stage in October, 1827, at the Federal Street Theatre, Boston, as Bob Acres, in "The Rivals." He remained in Boston for a long time, becoming a great favorite. Married there a Miss Woodward, and soon after came to this city, making his *debut* at the Chatham Theatre in 1818, as Zekiel Homespun, and Luke the Laborer. He was afterward attached to the Park and the old Broadway Theatres, where he was acknowledged as one of the best actors of his day. Made his *debut* in Philadelphia, Sept. 17th, 1842, as Lord Lumbercourt, in "The Man of the World." Leaving the stage he became lessee of the old Chinese Buildings (now Barnum's Museum), which he managed for a long time as a ball room. A few years ago he returned to the stage, making his *reentree* at Niblo's Garden, and afterwards at the Winter Garden. Besides being an actor, he has gained considerable notoriety as a dramatist. He was the original adapter of the play called "Monte Cristo," produced at the Old Broadway Theatre, with Lester Wallack (then known as John Lester) in the leading character. As an actor, he excelled in the delineation of those characters where deep pathos was to be portrayed, and which, from its effect on the feelings, may be considered as in some measure approaching to the dignity of tragedy. In private life he was respected for his gentlemanly deportment, by which he won "golden opinions" of all classes wherever he sojourned.

Dramatic

MANAGER ELLSLER, of the Academy of Music, Cleveland, O., reopened that place of amusement with his stock company, on the 2d inst., after an absence of three months at Columbus, O. The old company were welcomed back by a large and delighted audience. The pieces performed were, "My Poll and my Partner Joe," and "Dunderkitty's Pic-Nic." On the 30th, that eminent actress, Mrs. Lander, commenced a brief engagement, in the character of Pauline, in the "Lady of Lyons."

JOHN E. MCDONOUGH closed an engagement in Mobile, Ala., on March 30th, appearing in "The Seven Sisters."

KATE REIGNOLDS put in an appearance on the 2d inst., at the Mobile Theatre.

C. LESLIE ALLEN, having engaged most of the company of the Opera House, Dayton, Ohio, opened in Tiffin, Ohio, on the 4th inst. From Tiffin the company was to go to Jackson, Mich. R. J. Meldrum, James Oates and lady, J. A. Jackson and lady, Mrs. H. A. Perry, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Hayden, Harry Davies, Willie Henderson, J. B. Brown and others, constitute the company.

"THE STREETS OF NEW YORK" will shortly be revived at the Boston Theatre, in which James Budworth will probably play the boot-black.

AT NEWBERN, N. C., the dramatic season closed on March 26th, with a benefit to Mr. J. H. Rogers, on which occasion was produced the "Morning Call," "Orphan of Geneva," and "Peoples Lawyer," Mr. Rogers appearing as Carwin and Solon Shingle.

THE WILMINGTON (N. C.,) THEATRE opened on March 29th, under the management of Mr. J. H. Rogers, for a season of four weeks. The opening bill was "Daughter of the Regiment," "Married Rake," and "Sketches in India." Mr. Rogers has also leased the Newbern, N. C., Theatre, for the coming season, and will open in Newbern Oct. 1st.

J. A. HODGES had a "ben" at the Metropolitan Theatre, Indianapolis, Ind., on the 2d inst.

MRS. LANGRISHE was the recipient of a benefit on March 26th, at the Denver City, Col. Ter., Theatre. The house was very crowded, and the affair a great success.

NEW OPERA HOUSE IN CINCINNATI.—A new Opera House will be immediately commenced in Cincinnati, but not on the site of the one lately destroyed, and in no respect will it approach in architectural grandeur the late opera house. The design is to have the stage and auditorium on the ground floor, with a wide entrance from the street, somewhat after the style of the National Theatre, which in this respect is one of the best theatres in the country, and it will be seen how much of an improvement the proposed plan is upon the hazardous and dangerous practice of constructing theatres in the second or third story of a building, and which can only be reached by flights of stairs, through crooked passages, which in case of fire cannot but prove disastrous in the extreme. The location is on the site of the Wesleyan Female College, on Vine street.

FELIX VINCENT'S attention is called to an advertisement in another column of this issue of the CLIPPER.

NOT DEAD.—The reported death of the wife of McKean Buchanan out West lately is, we are pleased to learn, incorrect. She has for some time been very low, and not expected to live, but is now slowly recovering.

THE HOLMAN OPERA TROUPE continue to do a good business in Utica. The company remain there three weeks longer, and then go to Washington.

GRISWOLD'S OPERA HOUSE, Troy, N. Y., a new and elegant place of amusement, may be secured for dramatic entertainments, concerts, lectures, etc., on and after the 20th inst. As it is located in a thriving city, with a large population, and as it is well stocked with scenery, this appears to be an opportunity that will soon be availed of. For terms and other particulars, see Mr. Van Arnum's card in our advertising columns.

HOWARD'S THEATRE, Kansas City, opens on the 9th of April, with one of the best companies in the West. Among the names are W. C. Pope, leading gent.; Dan Russell, comedian; F. R. Pierce, old man; John W. Leslie, prompter; Mrs. Pierce, old woman; Miss Delmain, walking lady; Mrs. Harrie Howard, leading lady, and several others. The theatre has been fitted up in good style, and the management are determined to spare no pains to please.

THE COULDOCKS commenced an engagement at the Academy of Music, Milwaukee, Wis., on the 2d inst. Our correspondent "Claude," says: "The audience was a good one, and the Couldocks met with a warm reception. The piece selected was the 'Chimney Corner.' Mr. Couldock rendered the character of Peter Probity with much vigor, and was frequently applauded. Miss Couldock, as Grace, gave a finished rendering of the part and a true conception of the character. Mr. Gossin was good as John Probity. This gentleman has improved very much since his first appearance in this city, and is deservedly very popular with us. Mr. Wolf's Solomon was the best piece of acting I have seen him do for some time. Mr. Breyer and Mrs. Miller appeared to great advantage. On the 3d inst. was given the 'Willow Copse,' with Mr. Couldock in the *role* of Luke Fielding. The character was played as only Mr. C. can play it. Miss C. was very fine in the character she assumed. Mr. Gossin and Mrs. Sloan played their parts admirably. Mr. Stanley is improving very fast. The minor parts were sustained with more than usual excellence. The house was far better than the first night. 'Old Phil's Birthday' is up for to-night (the 4th) for their benefit.....Jennie Hight puts in an appearance on the 5th inst."

EMILIE MELVILLE leased the Opera House, Dayton, Ohio, on the 3d, for one night only. "The Child of the Regiment," and "Antony and Cleopatra" were produced.

MANAGER WHEATLEY'S experiment with the Ravels, at the Philadelphia Academy of Music, has so far proved very successful, the attendance being large and the enthusiasm great. They will continue their performances until further notice.

MARY MITCHELL AND JOHN W. ALBAUGH closed their eleven nights' engagement at the Griswold Opera House, Troy, on the 6th inst. Our correspondent "Mose," says:—"Their engagement was a very unprofitable one to the manager as well as themselves. The taste of the Trojan public seems to be more for the sensational than the legitimate. Miss Mary Mitchell, in the different characters she assumed, proved herself to be an artist of considerable ability. She is possessed of a fine figure, a remarkably expressive face, and a voice of much power. Mr. J. W. Albaugh is an actor of considerable talent. I remember him some six years ago, when he was leading man at the Old Gayety theatre, Albany, where he was an immense favorite. During the past few years he has made rapid advances in his profession. The 'Duke's Motto,' 'Lady of Lyons,' 'Evadne,' and the 'Wife's Secret,' were the bills presented during the past week. Saturday evening, April 7th, is set apart for the benefit of our 'Phunny Man,' Thomas E. Jackson. From present indications it looks as if it will be a rouser. Mr. Jackson, I understand, has an engagement at the Pittsburgh Theatre for next season. Mr. J. G. Boyd has severed his connection with the company."

ALICE KINGSBURY closed her engagement in Buffalo on the 6th inst. On the 2d inst. she appeared in the "Pearl of Savoy," and for her benefit, on the 6th, "She Stoops to Conquer" and "Nan the Good for Nothing" were presented. B. G. Rogers took a benefit on the 7th, when "The Victims" and "The Fireman" constituted the bill.

MRS. LANGRISHE took her benefit on March 26th, at the Theatre, Denver City, Col. Ter. Every seat in the house was taken and the aisles filled. At the close of the first piece she was called before the curtain and presented with an elegant silver sett, consisting of a silver cake basket, tea and table spoons, a butter knife, and a silver pickle knife and fork, from lady friends, a very rich silver cup, elaborately chased, and a very valuable gold watch and chain.

C. R. THORNE, JR., was up for a farewell benefit on March 22d, at the Opera House, San Francisco. He was to sail for this city by the steamer of March 30th.

EMILY THORNE announces her departure from San Francisco for this city, to take place on March 30th.

EMILY THORNE terminated her engagement in San Francisco on March 5th. Pecuniarily, it was not a successful one.

WALDEN'S OPERA HOUSE, of Paterson, N. J., was inaugurated on Monday, the 2d inst., with a full dramatic company, consisting of many old favorites from New York and Philadelphia. A correspondent, "Observer," thus refers to the opening performances:—"Among the list of the company I notice Mr. H. D. Guion, late of the Old Bowery, New York; Charles Hill, the veteran; Mr. D. E. Reilly, Mr. C. F. Hall and Mr. S. J. Barth. Among the lady members are Mrs. E. T. Stetson, Mrs. Isabella Phillips, Mrs. H. D. Guion, Miss Frances Evelyn, Miss Mary Estelle and others. The 'Lady of Lyons' was selected for the opening piece, concluding with the 'Rough Diamond.' Mr. D. W. Waller's Claude Melnotte was, to our mind, a finished piece of acting. Mrs. Stetson, as Pauline, and Mrs. Phillips, as the proud and haughty Madame Deschappelles, were very good. The gruff old Colonel was well rendered by Mr. Hill; Mons. Beauseant, by Harry Guion, was undoubtedly the best representation of the villain we have ever seen. Glavis, by Mr. Brooks, was only so-so; Mons. Deschappelles, by C. F. Hall, was capital; Mrs. Guion, as the Widow Melnotte, played and looked the character well. The subordinate characters I will say nothing about. The 'Rough Diamond' was not played as well as I have seen it. Mr. Barnes is not intended for such characters as Sir William. Mr. Barth, as Cousin Joe, was good, but not what I expected to see for a first comedian. Margery was a most unique and pleasant rendition by Miss Mary Estelle. Hall, as Lord Plato, was clever; in fact, the whole performance passed off very well. The house was filled to overflowing, and promises to be a success. Mr. Walden has spared neither pains nor expense to make it one of the handsomest and most convenient theatres in the country. The frescoing and decorations are magnificent."

FERD. HIGHT, first old man, dialect and character actor, announces, as the height of his ambition, that he wishes an engagement. Let Ferd be offered a "posish." See advertisement.

OF LOTTA'S *debut* in New Orleans, Chanfrau's appearance there, and others matters of interest to the profession, our correspondent "Laeries" sends us the following budget, under date of March 31st:—"Mr. E. B. Williams, the leading old man at the St. Charles, took his benefit on Sunday last, the 25th, on which occasion Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Bates volunteered their services, and appeared in 'Camille.' Miss Lizzie Whelpley, the favorite *danseuse*, and Mr. Hernandez, the well known pantomimist, also volunteered their services, appearing in the 'French Dancing Master.' On the 26th, the long promised Lotta made her first appearance before a New Orleans audience in the characters of Andy Blake, Jenny Lind, and Nan, the Good for Nothing, and at once danced and banjoed herself into the good graces of every body present. No artist that has visited this city for many a year ever achieved a greater success, or created such a *furore*, as this little actress has done in the short space of a week. In fact, she has set the whole town crazy, and there is nothing talked of any where but her delightful performances. On the 27th she appeared as Capitola, in the 'Hidden Hand,' and, on the 28th, as Lola Montez and Judy O'Trot, in 'Ireland as it Was.' Last night, for her benefit, she appeared as Tartarine in the 'Seven Daughters of Satan,' in which she introduced a great many songs, hornpipes, dances, and above all, her inimitable banjo solo. To-morrow evening, Mr. H. F. and Amy Stowe will have a benefit, when Mr. E. Eddy and Miss Henrietta Irving will appear. The bill consists of 'La Tour de Neale,' 'Wandering Boys,' and 'The Maid with the Milking Pail.....On the 25th inst., Mrs. Chanfrau repeated her fine impersonation of Rosalind, in Shakespeare's comedy of 'As You Like It,' at the Varieties Theatre. In this character she is perfection itself, and she seems to have been born expressly to play it. Indeed, her rendition of it is far superior to that of a great many of our stars. She sung the Cuckoo Song most beautifully, and it was *encored*. The rest of the characters were also very effectively rendered. Mr. F. S. Chanfrau commenced an engagement at this theatre on the 26th, in his great speciality of 'Sam,' with the following support:—Gen. Roslyn, J. B. Curran; Hon. Geo. Cropley, A. H. Davenport; James Plushley, J. F. Hagan; Sir Edward Ashton, N. T. Davenport; Dick Jenkinsini, C. T. Parsloe; Bill Crockett, T. De Walden; The Hon. Laura Roslyn, Mrs. Chanfrau; Lady Crossley, Mrs. Seymour; Emily Cropley, Miss C. Adams; Euphemia Roslyn, Mrs. C. De Bar; Blanche Normanfield, Mrs. W. R. Floyd; and Marian Plushley, Miss Fortescue. It has been drawing overflowing houses all the week, and is on the bills until further notice.....Byron's every clever burlesque on the 'Colleen Bawn,' entitled 'Miss Eily O'Connor,' has been the attraction at the Olympic this week, with the following cast:—Miles na Coppaleen, Mrs. Watkins; Hard

MRS. BUCKLAND was up for a benefit on the 9th inst., at the Theatre Royal, Montreal. "The Irish Ambassador," "Rough Diamond" and "Fish Out of Water" were to be performed. The officers of the garrison volunteered.

Music Halls.

THE VARIETIES THEATRE, Cleveland, O., is doing a good business, we are told, under the management of Mr. Widau. Mons. Neuville, Miss Rosine and T. W. Cox put in an appearance on the 3d. The present troupe consists of Carrie Duval, Nelly Florence, Rosine, Fannie Hillington, Hattie Denton, Alice Gilbert, La Petite Celia, Johnny Judge, Charlie Davis, Whettony Brothers, J. W. Cox, Alex. Neuville, Jas. A. Hayes, Nicolo Norton and Master Jimmie. Nicolo Norton, stage manager, was to have left for Cincinnati this week.

DAVIS' BROADWAY VARIETIES, Nashville, Tenn., is reported as doing a big business, and Manager Davis advertises in this issue for talent. The company engaged there last week consisted of the following: Lizzie Louise, Emma Marsh, Minnie Clare, Mary Woodruff, Emma Clare, Albertine Miller, J. Whittaker, Billy Gray, Abijah Couse, Tom Clannon, Tony Benton, Johnny Cole, Johnny Fielding and Annie Gibbons.

WM. CARLETON, the Irish vocalist and dancer, commences a brief engagement at the Canterbury, Washington, on the 9th inst.

EL NINO EDDIE, the young tight rope performer, whose success in New Orleans detained him longer in that city than had been anticipated, much to the disappointment of Manager Fox, who had engaged him for the American Varieties' Theatre, Philadelphia, is now announced to appear in the latter city the current week, opening on the 9th inst. Carrie Moore, the skater, who has made a great hit at the American, remains the present week.

THE "FEMALE CLERKS OF WASHINGTON," with Thompson, Kearns, Cavanagh, Jennie Engle, Kitty Bloomer, &c., in the cast, filled Trimble's Varieties Theatre, Pittsburgh, to overflowing, the past week. Since our last, Maggie Vernon had been added to Manager Newell's already effective *corps*. The scenery at the Varieties is *par excellence*, says our correspondent, "being from the artistic brush of M. A. Ward, who, as a scenic, artist is well and favorably known in this and other western cities. Speaking of scenic artists, reminds me that Mr. Lamb, formerly of Ford's Theatre, Washington, is wielding the brush at the new Academy of Music. He has already in the grooves some excellent scenes, such as will make our country cousins stare."

FOR THE AMERICAN CONCERT HALL, Albany, N. Y., a number of people are wanted, including three comic singers and two cantatrices. Application should be made as per advertisement in another column.

CHARLES B. REYNOLDS, low comedian, and late stage manager at 444 Broadway, is now at the Varieties, St. Louis, whereunto all communications for him should be addressed.

A NUMBER of young ladies, for the *ballet*, are wanted for the Varieties, St. Louis, Mo. Extra advantages are offered. For particulars see advertisement.

AT THE CANTERBURY, Washington, the standing attraction is the new *ballet* troupe, with M'lle Rosa as *premiere danseuse*, and under the control of Mr. L. J. Donnelly. Mulligan and Edwards add nightly to the fun by their negro performances.

THE ATTRACTIONS at Haverley's Opera House, Toledo, Ohio, the past week, were the Rogers Sisters, *danseuses*, and Charley Mayatt, Ethiopian performer. Clark Gibbs appeared April 5th. Dan Collins is up for a "ben." April 10th.

THE CARLE SISTERS—Celestine and Estelle—are to appear at the Detroit Varieties this week, opening on the 9th.

BLANCHARD and his Dogs have been drawing crowded houses at the Detroit Varieties. Last week they were doing "The Felon's Death," with Blanchard as Dugal, Harry Clifford as Archie Leslie, O. W. Clarke as Duncan, Annie Bordwell as Jessie, and Jennie Allen as Maggie. Blanchard closed there on the 5th, to go to Chadwick's Varieties, Chicago. Nellie Howard, Kate Archer, Naomi Porter, and Signorita Lopez and her three children opened on the 5th.

Circuses.

MATT. ROSTON, who has the repute of being a regular A No. 1 somersaulter, contortionist, slack ropist, etc., advertises in the CLIPPER for an engagement. Let Matthew be accommodated.

FERDINAND TOURNIAIRE and wife (Kate Ormond), joined the Dan Castello Circus at Lynchburg, Va., on the 2d inst. The show is now billed for an early appearance in Nashville, to go thence up the river to St. Louis by railroad, stopping at the principal towns on the way.

THE HANLON BROTHERS have split, and intend devoting their time to playing in theatres. Thomas and the two younger ones are busily practising in this city, and the other three are traveling in the East.

DAN RICE'S CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE, in Washington, has been more largely attended every night of the past week than has any other similar entertainment there for years. The colored population appear to be Dan's best patrons.

A STRING AND BRASS BAND, composed of good performers, can be got on a string by any manager having the requisite amount of brass.

A SIDE SHOW PRIVILEGE is wanted by a "kid" showman, who has a curiosity for the coming tenting season. For particulars see advertisement.

LEVI J. NORTH notifies the public through our advertising columns that he is not traveling with a circus company now in the Southwest, known as De Haven's Circus. Levi having been informed that he was carded as one of the principal attractions, wishes to know why is this thus?

TERMS CATS.—The boys of Norfolk were admitted into the circus recently stopping in that city, at the price of one tom cat apiece. The animals are said to be the highly relished food of the lions.

W. T. AYMAR and wife do not go out with Dan Rice's Circus, as previously announced. He is engaged with Metcalfe's Show in St. Louis.

THE HIPPOTHEATRON, St. Louis, will be ready for opening, it is thought, by the 16th inst., under the management of George Metcalfe, with the following performers:—The Hanlon Brothers, M'lle Emma, Levi J. North, Young Levi, William T. Aymar, clown and general performer, James Ward, Mr. La Rue, Wm. Ashton and Boy, Charles Fish, Willis Cobb, with his four trained dogs, S. Webb, etc.

A LOT of circus property is offered for sale in this issue of the CLIPPER. For particulars see advertisement.

S. B. HOWE'S Circus pitches tent for the first time this season, in Brooklyn, this week.

A CANVAS, 113 by 80 feet, in good repair, is advertised for sale cheap in this issue of the CLIPPER.

DAN RICE'S Circus and Menagerie is in Baltimore all this week.

JOHN MELROY, supposed to be connected with some traveling circus or show, is requested to send word to his sisters where he is and where a letter will reach him. Address Mrs. Monks or Mrs. Murray, No. 106 Centre street, New York, or care of CLIPPER office. Will Mr. Melroy, or any person cognizant of his whereabouts, please attend to this, and relieve the anxious sisters?

SHOWMEN wishing to secure rare animals for a menagerie should make a note of James Percival's advertisement in another column.

Negro Minstrelsy.

THE ATTENTION OF MINSTREL MANAGERS is hereby called to an advertisement in another column of a lad who wishes to learn the business.

PICKERING'S MINSTRELS, organized in this city last December, and who sailed for the West Indies for a five months tour, have been heard from. They sailed from here on December 23d, and arrived in Barbadoes in good time, where they performed for several nights to crowded houses. On Feb. 12th they opened in Demarara, South America, for two weeks, from which place our letter is written. The party was to go thence to Brazil and back through the West Indies. The boys seem to like that country very much. Our correspondent says: "Our living here is high and the peck all hunk. At seven in the morning we have coffee and toast brought to us in bed. At nine we have breakfast, and a red hot breakfast it is. We dine at half past four, have a cup of tea at seven, and after the show at night we sit down to a lively supper. The party consists of Joseph F. Pickering, Manager; Harry Mestayer, Leader; Joe Childs, Stage Manager; W. Sinclair, Vocal Director; J. Miller, W. Clarke, H. L. Parker, Mrs. Marie Mazzocchi, Prof. Gardner, J. Carroll, and Miss McFarlane." They are said to give a good show.

MASTER WAGNER, a youth of fifteen summers, wishes a position with a minstrel company. He considers himself posted in some of the business. He also has a pair of dancing clogs for sale. See advertisements.

WHO'S THE DUBLIN BOY? That's a question the solution of which will be found in another column. The boy wants a chance to spread himself in the clog and Irish jig business, in which he claims that he is "some."

THE GEORGIA MINSTRELS performed in Trenton, N. J., on the 3d inst. to a crowded house, and remained on the 4th, and on the 5th they appeared in Bordentown, and the 6th at Burlington. This week the company are in Philadelphia, commencing on the 9th inst.

LEAVITT'S MINSTRELS were at Concord, N. H., on the 2d inst.; Manchester, 3d; Nashua, 4th; Worcester, Mass., 5th; Clinton, 6th, and Marlboro, 7th.

A MINSTREL party, called "Gaylord, Fowler & Hogan's Opera Troupe," opened in Kansas City on the 24th of March, to a fair house. Our correspondent, "Belmont," says: "Many of our citizens expected they were the Gaylord & Skiff party, or that Low Gaylord was with them, but were doomed to be disappointed, as the Manager's name was D. Camp, and after playing to a slim house on the second night, decamped with the funds and left the company here without a cent. The landlord, accompanied by the City Marshal, seized their baggage, (not zinc trunks), small valises well packed. They are in a bad fix, and receive but little sympathy from the citizens, who have been deceived several times by companies (who have no talent at all) taking the name of some legitimate company, who by hard labor have earned for themselves a good reputation. Kansas City is a good show town for a good troupe, but false colors won't go here. The city is crowded with strangers, and bids fair to be the metropolis of the West in a few years."

SHOREY & MOREY'S NEW ORLEANS AND METROPOLITAN MINSTRELS (a new organization from Providence, R. I.) are billed to appear in Milford, Mass., Monday, April 9th. M. C. Morey is business manager; Austin Young, agent. They were to have given their first performance at Woonsocket Falls, R. I., April 7th.

THE BUCKLEYS are handsomely billed at Milford, Mass., for the 12th inst. As they are very popular there, they will no doubt have a big house.

JOHNNY BOOKER'S MINSTRELS were advertised to show in Elmira, N. Y., on the 6th and 7th inst.

THE MINSTRELS.—Duprez & Benedict's popular minstrel troupe gave a performance at Mechanics' Hall last evening, which created the usual *furore* attending the appearance of artists of this class in Hamilton, and the large hall was crowded to an uncomfortable degree. The well known "stars" Gustave Bideaux, the famous baritone, Benedict, West, Holmes, Preston, J. B. Murphy, J. Koehl, Calixa Lavallee, E. M. Parmellee, Frank T. Kritis, Fred. Heindrich and Bishop, are still attached to the company, and their performances always elicit great applause. The programme last evening embraced several new and admired songs, a capital burlesque from the "Opera de Afrique," other extravaganzas, and several admired dances by the artistic Frank Kent. The loss of a prominent feature in the entertainment of this company, sustained by the withdrawal of the bird warbler, Green, has been most effectively repaired by the introduction of a veritable "mocking bird." The manager asserted that the ornithological wonder was captured in Central Massachusetts, and subsisted upon corn, preferring particularly the juice of corn. The antics of the uncouth bird created an uproar of merriment. The announcement of Messrs. Duprez & Benedict is always a guarantee of "something rich and strange," for the edification of votaries of this species of amusement.—*Hamilton Daily Spectator*, Canada West, March 26th, 1866.

THE ATTEMPT to establish a permanent place of amusement in Williamsburgh, L. I., has been attended with success. Mr. Beaver, a gentleman never in the show business before, conceived the idea of opening a minstrel hall in that city, and after expending several thousand dollars in fitting up the Old Odeon, opened a few weeks ago with one of the best companies organized in this country. The first night the hall was too small to accommodate the crowds, and all the week the attendance was excellent. So it continues up to the present time. The party give a good show, and good houses are the result.

JOHNNY BOOKER'S MINSTRELS perform in Binghampton, N. Y., on the 10th inst.

S. S. SANFORD'S MINSTRELS have possession of the Academy of Music, Binghampton, on the 14th inst.

SAM SHARPLEY'S MINSTRELS are meeting with success wherever they appear. On the 10th and 11th inst. they are in Buffalo.

NEWCOMB AND ARLINGTON'S MINSTRELS perform in Augusta, Me., on the 12th and 13th inst.

BURGESS, PRENDERGAST, HUGHES & LA RUE'S MINSTRELS, who have been performing in Philadelphia for some time, are thus noticed by the *Daily Press* of that city:—"A GREAT SUCCESS.—The Assembly Building was crowded to excess last evening at the opening of the season, by the celebrated minstrel band of Messrs. Burgess, Prendergast, Hughes & La Rue, although the weather was cold, rainy and very disagreeable. The performances were enthusiastically applauded, and the colloquial parts of them were conducted in such an original, refreshing and comical style, that laughter became entirely irrepressible. It has been many years since such an intellectual musical treat was offered to a discriminating public audience. In a word, the band, it may be said, comes up fully to the standard. The 'Master Band' achieved a success last evening which they ought to feel proud of. If their numerous engagements will permit, these effective singers and accomplished musicians will remain two weeks in our city. The audience at the opening was decidedly fashionable as well as extensive."

BUCKLEY'S MINSTRELS, owing to bad business at their hall in Boston, have been obliged to go out traveling again, and appear this week as follows:—Lynn, Mass., 9th; New Bedford, 10th; Weymouth, 11th; Milford, 12th; Worcester, 13th; and Pittsfield, 14th. The troupe then proceed through New York State to Ohio, returning to Boston in June.

MORRIS & WILSON'S MINSTRELS, in St. Louis, have been doing, says a correspondent, "a rousing business lately. On the 2d inst. they brought out 'The Fenian's Dream,' in which the entire company appeared in white faces. The piece is having a good run, but is to be replaced by other novelties soon."

BURGESS, PRENDERGAST, HUGHES & LA RUE'S MINSTRELS commence at Maryland Institute, Baltimore, April 16th, and remain nine nights. They produce the Sphynx in that city.

DUPREZ & BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS have been meeting with their usual success in Canada West and Michigan, "standing room only" being a frequent announcement. In Detroit especially, where they were on the 2d and 3d inst., Young Men's Hall was filled to repletion. They next picked their flints at Flint, and on the 5th Ethiopeanized at East Saginaw.

SAM SHARPLEY AND TONY PASTOR'S COMBINATION opened in Corinthian Hall, Rochester, on the 4th, to an overflowing house.

Miscellaneous.

MAITLAND concluded a four nights' stay in Memphis on the 16th of March, to only moderate business. The local expenses there are a trifle too steep for any showman. For each entertainment, those high in office demand a State tax of $50, County tax $25, and Corporation license $15, making in all, $90 for a single performance. A correspondent says:—"Maitland opened in Vicksburg on March 19th, for three days, and after paying a large hall rent, had to pay $40 for the use of seats for the hall for three nights. He went to Jackson, Miss., for the 22d, 23d and 24th, where he hired the City Hall, built a stage for which he paid $30, seated it with boards and chairs for about as much more, and lighted it with candles, there being very few lamps in that city, and no gas. He opened in Natchez, Miss., on the 27th, for four nights, and was to play in New Orleans, at Masonic Hall, for two weeks, commencing on the 2d inst."

THE MILTONIAN TABLEAUX of "Paradise Lost" closed a lengthy stay in Cincinnati on the 7th inst, and is in Louisville the current week.

A SIX DOG TEAM, which is considered a first rate outside attraction for a show, is advertised for sale in another column by C. W. Carter.

A LITERARY CURIOSITY, and songs on any subject, may be procured of E. Dean, as per advertisement in another column.

A GRAND CONCERT was given at Metzerott Hall, Washington, D. C., on the 5th, for the benefit of the poor of that city, under the auspices of the German Association. A quartette on two pianos was the principal attraction, and was excellently performed by Mrs. Bero, Miss Krause and Messrs. Kroell and Sherman, all noted amateurs of Washington.

A LOT OF WAX FIGURES and a glass steam engine are offered for sale by G. K. Goodwin, as will be seen by an advertisement elsewhere.

ELLINGER AND FOOTE'S COMBINATION performed in Newport, R. I., on the 4th inst. The route ahead is as follows: Westerly, R. I., 11th and 12th; New London, Conn., 13th and 14th; Mystic River, 16th and 17th; Norwich 18th and 19th, and Hartford 20th and 21st.

MAITLAND, the English wonder worker, assisted by Miss Jane Dillon, the prestidigitatress, was to appear at Masonic Hall, New Orleans, on the 2d of April.

THE GREAT TIGHT ROPE WALKER, M. J. Denier, made one of his perilous ascents in New Orleans on the evening of the 30th ult., from the top of the Custom House to the opposite building, in the presence of over five thousand people. He was to have repeated his performances the next evening at five o'clock.

HASTY AND TWOMBLY'S Polyorama and Marionettes exhibit at Champaign City, Ill., April 10th, 11th and 12th.

THE NORTH WESTERN BILL POSTING COMPANY is an institution that ought to be patronised, for the bill stickings of Messrs. Harris & Spikings, are said to adhere closer than grim death to a nigger. These posters bold, so we are told, do never shillyshally, but do their work without a shirk—there's none like 'em in La Salle street, Chicago, Ill. Read their advertisement.

JEROME ROSCOE, who is some on the *presto*, and whose *soirees magique* are said to be *magnifique*, wants an engagement, either long or short, as the case may be. Roscoe advertiseth thusly in this publication.

A NEW PARTY is being organized in Milford, Mass., called "Quinby & Adams Dramatic and Variety Troupe," with the "Sphynx," as the principal attraction. They give their first performance in that place on Friday, April 13th.

HAVERLEY AND DICK SANDS started out from Toledo, Ohio, with a company, April 2d, under the name of "Haverley & Sands' Minstrels and Acrobatic Troupe." They gave their first performances at Monroe, Mich., April 3d, to a good house. It is said they give a very clever show.

NORWOOD, the magician, who styles himself the Fakir, opened at the Washington Theatre to an overwhelming house, owing to flaming promises of presents to each person in the audienc. Our correspondent says:—"His performances are far below mediocrity, yet the gift entertainment takes, although but about a half dozen receive gifts. Toothpicks (quill), and spools of cotton must satisfy the remainder."

"HUBBARD'S TABLEAUX OF AMERICA," and John W. Whiston, the humorist, open at Buckley's Hall, Summer street, Boston, Monday evening, April 9th.

THE CARTER ZOUAVE TROUPE is in want of talent for the fall season. A good violinist (one who can play brass preferred), a young lady vocalist, a *ballet* mistress, and a few actors are wanted. For full particulars see advertisement.

PROF. J. M. SEARL opened in the Theatre, Montgomery, Ala., on the 5th inst., with his feats of magic.

THE CARTER ZOUAVE TROUPE did a good business, we are informed, in Jacksonville, Ind., two nights last week, and on the 4th was at Carrolton, Ill. This company, which has been on the road for the past five years, meeting with great success under the management of J. Heneage Carter, will lay up shortly for a short rest, and start out early in September, greatly improved in number and attraction. Mr. Carter advertises in this issue of the CLIPPER for a number of performers for next season, and to his card we refer the reader.

A HIGH OLD DANCE in New Orleans that must have been where a young dancer's dress was set on fire from a *chandelier over her head!*

THE "GERMAN HARMONIC SOCIETY" gave the opera, "Czar and Carpenter," at Young Men's Hall, Detroit, to a crowded house, on the 5th inst. The singing was very fine—choruses excellent.

GRANITE HALL, Augusta, Me., recently built, which is well fitted up for dramatic, minstrel and other entertainments, and has a seating capacity of 1,500, may be rented for the above purposes, by addressing H. S. Osgood, as instructed in an advertisement in another column.

W. B. VANDEMAR, prestidigitateur, was to have started out from Chicago on the 9th inst. He has made extensive preparations for the summer campaign. He has the arts belonging to his uncle, the original Fakir of Ava, now deceased. W. Blodgett & Co., of Chicago, are the managers, and they propose giving a present to every person passing in to the exhibition. Ralph Wolfe is agent, W. H. Harris having resigned.

WEHLI AND S. C. CAMPBELL gave a concert at Young Men's Hall, Detroit, on the 6th.

THE SOUTHERN RELIEF FAIR, which opened at the Maryland Institute, Baltimore, on the 2d instant, has been well patronized. The hall is open both during the day and evening, and the crowd is so great that it is with the greatest difficulty that the visitors can be accommodated, and the cry is: "Still they come."

THE CAROLINA TWINS, now on exhibition at the Temperance Temple, Baltimore, have been drawing well. They are a great curiosity, and under the management of Mr. John P. Smith, promise to be a successful speculation.

STRAUB HOUSE, Hamilton, O., of which, Eugene A. Weiler is mine host, is, we are informed, just the coziest of hotels, and the spot where the weary and way worn traveler would be delighted to fetch up at, to refresh the inner man with the best of viands, and there to fall into the arms of Morpheus. The profession generally, at least those who migrate from place to place, declare that a good hotel is indeed a luxury, as well as a curiosity; they will therefore thank us for giving them the cue as above.

CHARLES A. FIOT, a well-known music publisher in Philadelphia some years ago, died in Bethlehem, Pa., on the 5th inst.

TOOK THINGS FROM THE AUDIENCE.—On the 7th inst. the walls and fences of Williamsburg, L. I., were covered with posters, announcing that a Mr. Hellerum would give a performance in magic in that city, and would not use any apparatus in his performances, but would do all his tricks amidst the audience and with things borrowed from the audience. The doors of the hall opened, and when the hour arrived for the fakir to show up he could not be found, and after waiting some time the audience dispersed, sadder if not wiser than when they first entered the hall. The fakir slipped off with about $100, thus making good what he advertised, viz., "taking things from the audience."

TICKETS FOR the United States Prize Concert, to take place at Crosby's Opera House, Chicago, on the 28th of May, are going off like hot cakes. See programme of prizes in another part of this issue.

Amateur.

THE GROVER DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION gave the Washingtonians another Thespian treat on Tuesday evening, April 3d, of which "An Old Actor" writes as follows:—"These amateurs are under the management of Mr. E. A. Protois, a very able stage director. Judging from the manner in which he places pieces upon the stage, he must be a man of some experience, for I have never witnessed performances even by professionals where the scenery—flats, wings, etc.—was so adroitly moved, everything going like clockwork. No waits between scenes, no interior scenes set with exterior things, etc. The pieces played on the occasion were 'Love's Sacrifice' and the 'London Apprentice; or, An Alarming Sacrifice.' Mr. Scott, under the name of Cooper, acquitted himself with great credit, and can claim distinction on the regular stage. I have seldom seen a better piece of acting. Mr. Donohue, as Jean Ruse, was very good; and Mr. Protois, as Bob Ticket, in the farce, achieved a decided success; he has rare qualities as a comedian, is original, and possesses great humor and wit. From the rounds of applause which greeted these ladies and gentlemen, I judge the performance was satisfactory to all."

THE SHAKESPEARE CLUB, of Columbia, Tenn., gave its twelfth performance in that place on March 30th. "Robert Macaire" and "Ben Bolt" were performed. W. C. Stockdale played Jacques very satisfactorily, it is said.

THE SABINE ASSOCIATION, consisting of a portion of the crew of the U. S. frigate Sabine, gave a dramatic performance one evening last week on ship board. "A Loan of a Lover," with a melange of singing and dancing, made up the bill. Another performance was announced to take place on the 9th inst. at Lyceum Hall, New London, Conn., assisted by the Arion Glee Club of that city.

AN ADELPHI PERFORMANCE.—The performance given at Murdoch Hall, by the Adelphi Dramatic Association, is reported by a correspondent to have been as good as has been seen for a long time. Messrs. Puddens, Slam, Wagener, St. Clair, Lowe, Linke and Charles Brunner were well worthy of the applause they received. The lady characters, personated by Miss Tilly Handt, Nettie Heineman, Mary Rohman and Kate Feni, were excellent. The house was crowded, and a great many could not gain admittance. The entertainment concluded with a sociable hop.

A DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT was given by the youths of Georgetown (D. C.) College, on the 3d, which is highly spoken of by the local critics. "Sebastian, or the Christian Martyr," constituted the programme, Master Coleman (*ætat* 15) taking the title *role*. He and Masters Dixon, Alexander and Simms are highly lauded.

THE FLORENCE ASSOCIATION gave its tenth performance in St. Louis, Mo., on the 4th inst. "The Ticket of Leave Man" was the bill.

Foreign Dramatic and Show News.

"MAZEPPA" was announced for production at the Alexandra Theatre, London, on Easter Monday, with Miss Hamilton as "Mazep."

"DER FREISCHUTZ" was the attraction offered at Astley's Theatre, London, by E. T. Smith.

BIG TERMS.—M'lle Theresa has received the following offer for her services for one month by M. Paul Dupont, manager of the Alcazar of Marseilles:—20,000f. (£400) for her services for one month, or £40 per night; traveling and hotel expenses in the first hotel in Marseilles paid; a carriage and pair with livery servants during her stay; illuminations in the hotel on the evening after her arrival; a serenade with torches; an official reception at the railway terminus and grand saloon of the hotel, by the manager and staff of the Marseilles Alcazar; an entry into the city in a caleche drawn by four horses, which will be announced beforehand by special *affiches;* a grand dinner the day after her arrival; the Alcazar to be brilliantly illuminated and decorated during her stay, and 200 seats to be reserved for the *elite* of Marseilles society. Tempting as this offer is, M'lle Theresa has declined it, and the *Temps* asks, "What more does she require—a salvo of twenty-one guns, the National Guards drawn up to receive her, and the keys of the city presented to her on a silver dish?"

JULIA BENNETT BARROW is at present at Bath, Eng., on a visit to her husband's relatives.

MISS CORBET WESTERN announces her early departure from London for New York.

SOTHERN was announced to appear at the Haymarket, London, on Easter Monday, in his new play, entitled: "The Favorite of Fortune."

AVONIA JONES appeared at the Surrey Theatre, London, on March 23th, in "East Lynne," for the forty-second time. She was announced to appear on Easter Monday, in a new drama, called, "Theodora, Actress and Empress," written expressly for her by Watts Phillips. Mr. James Bennett appears in the cast.

THE CITY OF LONDON THEATRE announced a new version of "East Lynne" for Easter Monday.

THE THEATRE at Brest took fire on March 20th, immediately after the morning rehearsal of the "Postillion du Lonjumeau," and in a few minutes the entire building was a mass of fire. Scarcely anything was saved, the instruments belonging to the band, and the wigs, &c., of the performers, being burnt. The building was insured for 165,000f., and the properties for 35,000f. Performances in aid of the sufferers are being organised in many French theatres.

TWO DRAMAS on the American war are announced for production in Paris. One, entitled "The War of America," (*La Guerre d'Amerique*), is by MM. Malespine et Maret; the second, which is called "John Brown; or, The Last Sigh of Slavery," (*Le Dernier Soupir de l'Esclavage*), is by M. A. Serven.

THOMAS TAPLIN COOKE, an old equestrian manager, died on March 19th, in Brompton, Eng., aged 84 years.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON terminated his engagement of one hundred and seventy-two nights at the Adelphi, London, on March 23d.

THE ALLEGHANIAN VOCALISTS AND SWISS BELL RINGERS appeared at Freemason's Hall, Edinburgh, Scotland, on March 14th, 15th and 16th. A very large audience was present on the opening night. This party will shortly return to the States.

LAST WORDS.—A bottle containing the following message, written in pencil on a torn envelope, was picked up recently on the beach at Brighton:—"11th of January, on board the London. We are just going down. No chance of safety. Please give this to Avonia Jones, Surrey Theatre.—GUSTAVUS VAUGHAN BROOKE."

AMUSEMENTS.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.

LESSEE AND MANAGER.....WM. WHEATLEY.
This Establishment does not advertise in the New York Herald.
Last week of the eminently successful engagement of
MISS MAGGIE MITCHELL.
Monday evening, April 9, 1866, will be presented a new five act play of absorbing interest, translated from the German expressly for Miss Mitchell, and now produced for the first time in this city, entitled
HERMANCE, THE CHILD OF FORTUNE.
HERMANCE.....MISS MAGGIE MITCHELL.
MISS BATEMAN
will appear on
MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 16,
in her great personation of
JULIA,
(first time in three years) in Knowles' popular play of
THE HUNCHBACK.
Seats secured six days in advance.

WOOD'S THEATRE.

Broadway, opposite St. Nicholas Hotel.
Last week, most positively, of the celebrated actress,
MISS LUCILLE WESTERN,
and MR. BARTON HILL.
MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 9, and WEDNESDAY MATINEE, the three act protean drama of
SATAN IN PARIS.
The Mysterious Stranger, Signorina La Scala, Francois, a Gamin de Paris, Princess Poniatowsky, Achille, a French Officer, Clarisse Deloille } MISS LUCILLE WESTERN
Count Vanille.....Mr. BARTON HILL
TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY EVENINGS,
THE STRANGER.
MRS. HALLER.....MISS LUCILLE WESTERN
The performance to conclude each evening with
WOODCOCK'S LITTLE GAME.
MONDAY, April 16, a new speciality, THE HYPOCHONDRIAC, personated by CHARLES M. BARRAS, the accomplished author and actor.

BROADWAY THEATRE.

LAST WEEK BUT TWO
of the brilliant sixteen weeks' engagement of
MR. JOHN E. OWENS,
Last week of
DOT,
which, notwithstanding its marked success, must, in accordance with Mr. Owens' already announced arrangements, give place to another of his popular and eagerly demanded triumphs.
EVERY NIGHT
AND SATURDAY AFTERNOON,
DOT;
Or, THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH.
CALEB PLUMMER.....JOHN E. OWENS
SUPPORTED BY A FINE CAST.
LAST DOT MATINEE SATURDAY AFTERNOON.
Admission 50 cents.
Doors open at 7½; begins at 8.

NEW BOWERY THEATRE.

SOLE PROPRIETOR.....MR. J. W. LINGARD.
THIS ESTABLISHMENT DOES NOT ADVERTISE IN THE NEW YORK HERALD.
Engagement with the celebrated
EQUESTRIENNE AND MELODRAMATIC ACTRESS,
MISS LEO HUDSON.
Revival of the grand spectacle of
MAZEPPA;
Or, THE WILD HORSE OF TARTARY.
MISS LEO HUDSON
as
MAZEPPA.
THE WILD HORSE by Miss Hudson's trained steed,
SENSATION.
TWO DRAMAS.

THE GREAT ORIGINALS ARE COMING.

The Original and Only
GEORGIA MINSTRELS
AND BRASS BAND,
The Renowned
SLAVE TROUPE.
FIFTEEN PERFORMERS,
FROM MACON, GA.,
Composed of colored men who, previous to April 15, 1865, were owned as slaves in that city.
Now on their return from the
MOST SUCCESSFUL
EASTERN TOUR
EVER KNOWN IN THE
ANNALS OF MINSTRELSY.
They will perform in the principal cities South and West on their way back to Macon, where they will spend a few weeks, then return once more to the field of their former triumphs.
PIKE & HATCH,
1-11* Proprietors.

IMPORTANT TO SHOWMEN.

The undersigned takes this method of informing all those who are making collections of rare animals, that he has now on hand and for sale the following specimens from foreign countries, viz: an Egyptian Cow and Calf, commonly called the Sacred Cow, together with South American Serpents of various sizes, monkeys, bears, &c., to which he invites the attention of all those engaged in the above business. JAMES PERCIVAL, No. 21 Bowery, N.Y. 1-1t*

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The Canvas is 113 by 80 feet, only run four months. Everything is with it ready to put up and show with. Jacks and uprights, and seats and Chandeliers. All will be SOLD CHEAP.
Apply to
GEORGE WILLIAMS,
Box 946,
1-2t* Albany, N. Y.

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SCENIC AND PANORAMIC ARTIST, No. 112 Merrimack street, Lowell, Mass. Panoramas, Scenery, Decorations and Ornamental Show Pictures painted in a superior manner. 1-13t*

AMUSEMENTS.

WINTER GARDEN.

Lessee and Manager.....W. STUART
Stage Manager.....J. G. HANLEY
This Establishment does not Advertise in the New York Herald.
Mr. Stuart has the pleasure to announce that on MONDAY, and every evening, those delightful delineators of Irish and Yankee life,
MR. AND MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS,
will appear in two of those pieces so full of charm and merriment, commencing with the romantic Irish legendary drama of
THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY,
which will be presented with new and exquisite Music by Stoepel,
New and beautiful scenery by Thorne.
LANTY McLOUGHLIN.....MR. BARNEY WILLIAMS
KATE KEARNEY.....MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS
During the pieces the ballads of Pat Malloy, Katty Mooney, Fairy Spirits, Whack La Fa, The Irish Whisky, The Young May Moon, and a Real Irish Jig, the Connaught man's rambles and Irish Fair-fight.
Also, the Comedy of AN HOUR IN SEVILLE.
MATINEE ON SATURDAY, APRIL 14.
Seats secured six days in advance.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

Sole Lessee and Manageress.....Mrs. John Wood
Stage Manager.....J. H. Selwyn
This Establishment does not Advertise in the New York Herald.
Every evening, until further notice, will be presented in a style of magnificence far surpassing all previous efforts, and which has received the highest encomiums of the press and public, and achieved an absolute and indisputable success, the Romantic Spectacular drama entitled
THE THREE GUARDSMEN.
ANNE, OF AUSTRIA.....Mme. METHUA SCHELLER
CONSTANCE (her confidante).....Mrs. JOHN WOOD
In which character she will sing a new Romanza, written and composed by herself—entitled
"I LOVED HIM AT FIRST SIGHT."
By general request, on WEDNESDAY, April 11, will be given
A GRAND MATINEE OF CINDERELLA E LA COMARE,
Commencing at 1 o'clock.
Doors open in the evening at 7½. Curtain rises at 8.
Seats secured three days in advance.

FRANK RIVERS & CO.'S

GENERAL DRAMATIC, MUSICAL, EQUESTRIAN, COSTUME AND PURCHASING AGENCY,
OFFICE,....25 WEST HOUSTON STREET, NEW YORK CITY.
The above named firm would most respectfully announce that they will be prepared with unsurpassed facilities, and intend to commence, as above, May 1st, 1866.
All engagements or business negotiated through this Agency will be strictly confidential between the manager and the artist, and for a set sum, according to an established scale of fees on a classification of business, to be paid on every engagement so made.
Managers and Artists can rely on the utmost dispatch with all business entrusted to our care.
All communications addressed to
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25 West Houston st., New York,
will receive prompt attention. 1-tf

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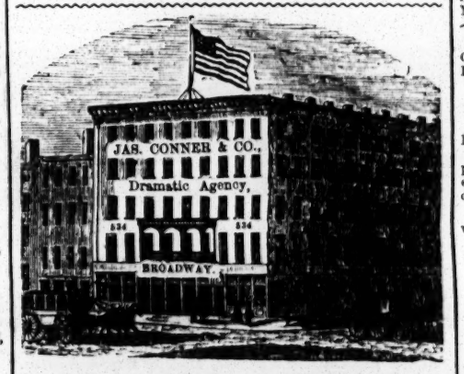
LATE ODEON, BROOKLYN, E. D.
T. W. SEAVER.....Sole Proprietor
GEO. H. COES.....Stage Manager
GLORIOUS SUCCESS
of the
EXCELSIOR TROUPE OF THE WORLD.
CROWDED HOUSES! DELIGHTED AUDIENCES!
The Parquet a BRILLIANT DISPLAY of
THE ELITE AND FASHION OF BROOKLYN.
LOOK AT THE ARRAY OF TALENT:
CHAS. PETTINGILL, J. K. CAMPBELL, G. W. JACKSON, H. ISAACS, G. H. FRAZIER, J. DULY, C. FONFELT, WILLIE A. STEWART, JOHNNY ALLEN, WM. P. SPAULDING, WALTER FIELDS, B. ISAACS, M. RILEY, C. ST. CLAIR, S. J. HILLIARD,
WM. ASHCROFT, the Champion Clog Dancer; LITTLE EDDIE, the Phenomenon, and GEO. H. COES, making in all the GREATEST CONGRESS OF TALENT KNOWN in MINSTRELSY.
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY,
Commencing at 2 o'clock. 1-tf



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JAS. CONNER & CO.,
Theatrical Agents and Costumers,
1-1tc 25 West Houston street.

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The undersigned having been informed by VARIOUS ARTISTS and Managers throughout the West and South of the EXISTENCE of certain parties who are using our name in CONNECTION WITH THE SHOW BUSINESS, we wish to state that we are in no way connected with any Dramatic Agency or intelligence office either in Cincinnati, Chicago, or in any part of the U. S., apart from our own firm.
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Dramatic Agents and Costumers,
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MISS CARRIE AUGUSTA MOORE,

THE SKATORIAL QUEEN,
THE ONLY LADY SKATER IN THE WORLD!
AT THE AMERICAN THEATRE, PHILADELPHIA,
FOR TWELVE NIGHTS.
Managers requiring the services of the above
ATTRACTIVE STAR,
Apply to JAS. CONNER & CO.,
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Deagle's Varieties, St. Louis.—Attend to the Olympic affair immediately. JAS. CONNER & CO.,
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FIRST OL

AMUSEMENTS.

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We call the attention of Managers and Professionals who wish to avail themselves of the extensive circulation of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, the Theatrical Organ of America, to make known their business, wants, etc., to the following schedule of rates for advertising:—

Twelve cents per line for each and every insertion; for dramatic notices from other papers, incorporated in our summary, 25 cents per line. A liberal deduction will, however, be made for advertisements when paid for three or six months in advance. Day of publication Tuesday of each week.

Communications to insure attention in the issue for that week, should reach us by Monday morning, at latest, or Saturday, if possible, and invariably be addressed to

FRANK QUEEN,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
No. 22 Spruce street, N. Y.

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MECHANICS' HALL.....472 Broadway, above Grand street
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Whose concerts in the City of New York, during a period of NINE YEARS, is without precedent in the annals of public amusement.

No entertainment of any character, depending on its own attraction, ever met with the same continued patronage as the performances of this company, their concerts having been CROWDED EACH EVENING WITH HIGHLY RESPECTABLE AND FASHIONABLE AUDIENCES,
Receiving a favor and patronage unparalleled by any amusement, and universally admitted to EXCEL ALL EXHIBITIONS of a similar character ever presented.
THE COMPANY
Comprising an efficient versatile corps of
TALENTED AND EXPERIENCED ARTISTS,
Under the direction of the popular comedian,
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NELSE SEYMOUR,	DAN EMMETT,	DAVE REED,
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In a brilliant variety of New Songs, Chornses, Dances, Farces, Burlesque Sketches, Operatic and Plantation Scenes.
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On the receipt of 50 cents, and post paid envelope, I will send to any address a great Literary Curiosity, being nothing more or less than your fortune in verse. It is worth having! Send for it!
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P. S.—Poetry furnished to order, on any subject, on liberal terms. Epigrams, $1 00. Address as above. 1-1t*

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Those wishing a First Class attraction for outside Processions, &c., will do well to engage that beautiful
SIX DOG TEAM,
New Silver Mounted Harness, Carriage, &c.
For terms apply to C. W. CARTER,
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April 1st, 1866. [1-2t*] Charlestown, Mass.

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A competent man, up in the above business, wishes a situation as COMIC LECTURER with a PANORAMA, COMEDIAN in a COMBINATION COMPANY, or as CLOWN with some first class CIRCUS. Address
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United in
ONE GRAND ENTERTAINMENT,
Will visit all the principal cities, introducing
A NOVEL AND ATTRACTIVE PROGRAMME,
Embodying the efforts of
TWENTY-FIVE POPULAR ARTISTS,
under the immediate supervision and direction of
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who will appear in person at each and every performance, in his LATEST AND FRESHEST
COMIC PRODUCTIONS.
TONY PASTOR, } Proprietors.
SAM SHARPLEY, }
ALLINSON & COOKE, Advertisers. 49-tf

NOTICE TO THEATRICAL MANAGERS.
SHAMUS O'BRIEN,
THE BOULD BOY OF GLENGALL,
an original Irish drama, in three acts, written expressly for
MR. DAN BRYANT,
by Thos. B. McDonough and Fred G. Maeder, Esqs.
Entered according to the act of Congress in the year 1864, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York. Managers of theatres throughout the United States permitting the above piece to be played without first having my written consent, will be prosecuted according to law. [49-tf] DAN BRYANT.

A STEREOPTICON WANTED.
Any party having a Stereopticon, with Good views, that would accept an engagement, or let with an operator, can hear of an engagement by adressing DOLPHIN,
50-tf 21 Pleasant street, Boston.

PROPERTY MEN, CUT THIS OUT.
RECIPE and Directions to make BRILLIANT RED, Green, Purple and Silver Fire for Show Pieces. Price 50 cents. Address
52-2t* PHILO M. YELLOWOOD, Philadelphia, Pa.

FRANK BOSWORTH, 1st Old Man, Stage Manager AND ADVERTISER, AND MRS. JULIA BOSWORTH, Dialect and Farce, Old Woman, can be addressed at the CLIPPER Office until the 1st of May. 52-4t*

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Seats 1,000 persons. Dedicated Feb. 26, 1866. This is the finest Hall on the Atlantic and Great Western Railway, between New York City and Dayton, Ohio.
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No pains will be spared to make their sojourn comfortable.
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THE ST. JOHN DRAMATIC LYCEUM
Can be rented for all kinds of respectable performances, at very reasonable rates.
The Lyceum is the most perfectly appointed place of its kind in the Provinces. Address
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BY A YOUNG MAN who has been in the Show Business for the past sixteen years, in all, and every capacity, a situation as Treasurer for some first class traveling company, or Agent for a first class Star. The best references in the country given.
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Stars wishing time for Spring and Summer, please address
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1-3t* Address DUBLIN BOY, care of Clipper Office.

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Ladies and Gentlemen of acknowledged ability, wishing engagements for a season of 3 months, commencing at Erie, Pa., on May 21st or 22d, will please address
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GENEVA, N. Y.,
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Solicit time from responsible managers. Six or twelve nights.
Their repertoire contains all the
SENSATIONAL DRAMAS OF THE DAY,
TOGETHER WITH THE LEGITIMATE.
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49-6t* Care of REVERE HOUSE, Chicago, Ill.

AMUSEMENTS.

UNITED STATES PRIZE CONCERT

To be Drawn at

CROSBY'S OPERA HOUSE, CHICAGO, ILL.,

MAY 28TH, 1866.

125,000 Valuable Prizes, Valued at $492,575.25, will be Presented to Ticket Holders, including $100,000 in Greenbacks.

NUMBER OF TICKETS ISSUED, 500,000. PRICE $1 EACH.

This is the greatest inducement ever offered to the public, one ticket out of every four drawing a prize.
The following Prizes are a few among the many to be drawn, (for full list see Circular.)

1	Gift in Greenbacks		$30,000
1	do	do	10,000
1	do	do	5,000
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1	do	do	3,000
1	do	do	2,000
1	do	do	25,000
25	do	do $1,000 each	10,000
20	do	do $500 each	2,000
20	do	do $100 each	1,000
20	do	do $50 each	10,000
1	do	Residence No. 882 Wabash avenue	5,000
1	do	do 901 Lake street	5,000
1	do	do 37 Newberry street	10,000
5	do	Cottages, on Fulton, near Paulina street	6,000
2	do	do 169 W. Liberty and 537 W. Indiana streets	9,000
3	do	do in good locality	5,000
10	do	City Lots, $500 each	

The Drawing will take place after the Concert, on the stage of the Opera House, where 10,000 persons can witness it. A Committee will be appointed by the audience to superintend the same. All purchasers and agents will be supplied with correct lists of drawing as soon as published. Parties holding tickets will retain them until after the drawing, and if their numbers appear in the list of drawn numbers, they will forward their tickets immediately, with full directions as to the shipping of goods or moneys. Tickets are for sale at the Principal Hotels, Book and Music Stores in the city, and at our office, 133 Dearborn street; price $1 each. Sent by mail on receipt of price and stamp for return postage.

Good and reliable Agents wanted in every city, town and village in the United States, to whom great inducements are offered. References required.

Special Terms or Club Rates:

Any party procuring a club of five or more names for tickets, and forwarding us the money for the same, will be allowed the following commission, viz:

WE WILL SEND

5	Tickets to one address for		$4.50
10	do	do	9.00
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30	do	do	26.25
40	do	do	35.00
50	do	do	43.50
And 100	do	do	85.00

In every case send the name and Post Office address of each separate subscriber.
Money by draft, P. O. order, express, or in registered letters, may be sent at our risk.
All communications should be addressed to

WIGGINS, BRADFORD & CO.,
133 Dearborn st., Chicago, Ill., P. O. Drawer 5913.

The proprietors will donate to the Lincoln and Douglas Monument Fund $2,000; also, there will be $2,000 reserved from the person drawing the $30,000 prize, for the same purpose.
REFERENCES—Hon. M. S. Wilkinson, Ex-Senator from Minnesota; Hon. G. V. Lawrence, M. C. of Penn.; Hon. Alex. Randall, Ex-Governor of Wis.; Hon. Wm. Montgomery, Ex-M. C. of Penn.; Hon. Major Dan Mace, Ex-M. C. of Ind.; Hon. Ira J. Laycock, of Kansas; Hon. Wm. Leffingwell, Lyon, Iowa; Hon. Joseph Knox, of Chicago; Hon. C. Graves Smith, of Minn.; Jacob Forsyth, Agent M. S. R. R., Chicago, Ill.; M. Kronberg & Co., Importers of Watches, Chicago; Mansell, White & Co., New Orleans, La.
N. B.—Editors of country newspapers are authorized to act as our agents, and they will be allowed full commission on all tickets ordered, either for themselves or other parties who may purchase through them. Proposals for inserting this advertisement requested. 51-4t*

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IN EXISTENCE.
THIRTEENTH ANNUAL SUCCESSFUL TOUR.
WE ARE COMING AGAIN,
With an entire extraordinary New Programme,
OLDEST TROUPE IN THE WORLD,
Enlarged and improved for the season of 1866 and '67.
Return to the West, the Canadas, and New Orleans, of the great gigantic and incomparable
DUPREZ AND BENEDICT'S
Original New Orleans and Metropolitan
MINSTRELS AND BRASS BAND,
Appearing in their unrivalled champion
MAMMOTH ETHIOPIAN CONCERTS,
Introducing on this occasion all the latest features in Negro Minstrelsy, by the following famous old favorite Stars of 13 years' standing with this Company:

BILLY WEST,	EDWIN M. PARMELEE,
C. H. DUPREZ,	BILLY PRESTON,
CALIXA LAVALLEE,	GEORGE MARTIN,
JAMES KOEHL,	LEW. BENEDICT,
SAMUEL POND,	FRANK KENT,
CHAS. KOEHL,	J. H. TAYLOR,
WM. WAYNE,	FRANK KRITTA,
SIG. GUSTAVE BIDEAUX,	CHAS. F. SLOCUM,
EDWIN HOLMES,	JACOB KOEHL,
GONSALVO BISHOP,	JOHN OTIS.
FRED. HEINDRICH,	

The whole under the immediate auspices and control of DUPREZ & BENEDICT, Proprietors, formerly Duprez & Green. All the above celebrated great Artists will appear positively each night with this Great Troupe, on their return from their triumphant brilliant Eastern tour.
NOTICE.—J. E. Green, formerly a partner in this concern, was disconnected from the Troupe Nov. 11th, 1865, and is now in no way connected with the Company whatever. Any debts contracted by him will be on his own responsibility. Mr. Chas. H. Duprez having bought the entire interest and whole claim of the said J. E. Green, has taken into partnership Mr. Lewis Benedict, the renowned Tamborinist and popular Negro Comedian; hence hereafter the Troupe will be known by the name of DUPREZ & BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS.
For full particulars see Mammoth Posters and Programmes. Doors open at 7; to commence at 8 o'clock.
C. H. DUPREZ, Manager. SAM. POND, } Agents.
1-tf C. F. SLOCUM, }

VALUABLE CIRCUS PROPERTY
FOR SALE.
THIRTY-SIX VERY FINE HORSES,
Including
SEVERAL FIRST CLASS PAD ANIMALS.
ONE FINE BRED VIRGINIA BAR ACT MARE,
And a number of
VALUABLE PONIES.
ENCLOSED TRUNK, PROPERTY AND REFRESHMENT WAGONS.
BAGGAGE WAGONS.
ADVERTISERS' BILL AND PASTE WAGONS.
ROCKAWAYS AND BUGGIES.
TWO AND FOUR HORSE HARNESSES.
ORGAN, AWNINGS, &c., &c.
For further and direct information,
Apply to L. B. LENT,
New York Circus,
Hippotheatron Buildings, Fourteenth street,
48-tf Opposite the Academy of Music.

CLARRY & REILLY,
PRINTERS AND ENGRAVERS,
12 AND 14 SPRUCE STREET,
NEW YORK.
THE LARGEST
SHOW BILL
PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT
IN THE WORLD.
THIS FIRM
Pays particular attention to getting up all kinds of
FANCY SHOW BILLS
For traveling companies, and have on hand a large and splendid assortment of large and small
WOOD CUTS
Suitable for Circuses, Menageries, Ethiopian Performers, Gymnasts, Magicians, &c., &c., which can be printed in one or more colors, to suit customers.
A deposit required on all work ordered. 51-tf

BURGESS, PRENDERGAST,
HUGHES & LA RUE'S MINSTRELS
D. C. LA RUE.....Manager
T. B. PRENDERGAST.....Vocal Director
THE GREAT CONFEDERATION OF ETHIOPIAN ARTISTS.
THE MOST PERFECT ORGANIZATION IN EXISTENCE.
EVERYTHING ENTIRELY NEW.
NOVELTY ON THE BRAIN.
TWENTY BRILLIANT STARS,
under the personal supervision of the greatest of all living Ethiopian Comedians, COOL BURGESS.
Among the long array of eminent Ethiopian talent to be found in this extraordinary organization, are:

COOL BURGESS,	DICK THOMPSON,
ARCHIE HUGHES,	CHARLEY REYNOLDS,
T. B. PRENDERGAST,	GEORGE REYNOLDS,
FRANK BOWLES,	A. WALLACE,
PAUL BERGER,	J. P. HURRELL,
P. MARKS,	J. TIMPSON,
A. C. STONE,	DION MARBELLEE,
HARRY FRENCH,	CHAS. B. GRISTE,
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CHAS. B. GRISTE, Agent.	

Old Hickory Programme Juggler. 49-3m

STARS WANTING NIGHTS NEXT SEASON AT the new and beautiful OPERA HOUSE, PITTSBURGH, will apply immediately.
This house has done the largest business the present season of any theatre west of Philadelphia. Holds $1,000.
52-tf J. C. R. GARDINER.

MOBILE THEATRE.
Ladies and gentlemen of recognised ability, wishing engagements for the fall and winter season of 1866–7, may address the undersigned at Mobile up to May 20th; after that date at 173 Bleecker street, New York. Letters of application not answered within a reasonable time may be considered declined.
51-10t ROIG & MACDONOUGH.

CHARLES LEICESTER, Trapeze and Flying Ring PERFORMER, (introducing the feat of hanging by the neck and beating snare drum at same time), can be engaged for the coming season by addressing him at Alleghany City, Pa. 52-2t*

WANTED--Leading Violinist, Two Danseuses, TWO VOCALISTS, for CLARK'S VARIETY THEATRE, 22 Holmden street, Pithole Pa.,
To Open on Saturday Evening 7th. April,
Address GUS. CLARK,
52-3t* Manager and Proprietor, Box 596.

GRISWOLD OPERA HOUSE.
This new and elegant Establishment, by far the most complete and best arranged edifice of the kind in this country, will be open after the 20th of April, 1866,
FOR DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENTS, CONCERTS, LECTURES, MINSTRELS, AND FIRST CLASS EXHIBITIONS ONLY.
The House contains all the Modern Improvements; is beautifully decorated and frescoed, and brilliantly lighted from the ceiling, thus relieving the auditorium from all obstructions of chandeliers. It has a commodious Stage, 32 by 40, and an extensive stock of handsome Scenery and Drop Curtain complete. The total seating capacity of the House 1,500, with standing room for 500 more, besides 4 Private Boxes. It is one of the best ventilated houses in the country; has convenient Offices and Dressing Rooms, with liberal means of entrance and exit. The entrances, two in number, (if desired,) to the Parquette and Family Circle may be each entirely separate and distinct, or all through one entrance if preferred—having double stairways throughout.
The house will be rented at a stated price per night or week, or opened on shares.
POPULATION OF TROY AND ENVIRONS.
It will be borne in mind that Troy is one of the best Show Cities in the United States. The population of the city proper is 45,000; that of West Troy, directly across the river, (connected with Troy by bridge and two steam ferries,) is 15,000; while Cohoes, Waterford and Lansingburgh contain in the aggregate a population of 25,000; making a total population in Troy and surrounding villages of nearly 90,000 inhabitants. The latter named villages are within a radius of three miles of Troy, and connected therewith by horse railroads.
For terms and particulars, address W. D. VAN ARNUM,
1-4t Manager Griswold Opera House, Troy, N. Y.

DAVIS' BROADWAY VARIETIES,
NASHVILLE, TENN.
JOHN L. DAVIS.....Sole Lessee and Proprietor
Is now doing an immense business. Stars will be treated with on the most liberal terms by addressing DAVIS & CO., Agents, 173 West Fourth street, Cincinnati. 1-5t*

THEATRICAL NOTICE.
FOR SALE—500 Theatrical Scenes in excellent condition. Set Cottages, Ground pieces, Rocks, Fences, &c., &c. A good investment for any person opening a theatre or music hall.
49-tf Apply Box 930, Philadelphia P. O.

THE ALLEGHANIANS,
VOCALISTS AND BELL PLAYERS,
Having fulfilled their engagements at Great St. James' Hall, London, and at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, also at Bath, Torquay, Birmingham, Exeter, Leeds, Manchester, and appeared before Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, and the Royal Family, at Windsor, are now closing a series of twenty-eight Concerts at the Grand Concert Hall, Lord Nelson street, Liverpool, after which they go to Glasgow, Scotland, to fill a second engagement of nine nights, commencing March 3d; thence to Edinburgh to fill a second engagement of twelve nights, where they will close their highly successful tour in this country toward the last of March, immediately after which they will embark for their native land—the land of the glorious "Star Spangled Banner"—where they hope to greet all their old friends again, and to be cheered by their approving smiles, as in "days of yore."
They will commence a grand tour of the States soon after their arrival home, which will be about the middle of April.
J. M. BOULARD, Manager. D. G. WALDRON, Agent.
Liverpool, England, Feb. 26th, 1866. 49-tf

MANAGERS wishing to secure the services of LEONORA CREED,
DANSEUSE AND ACTRESS,
can do so by addressing her at the Turner Hotel, Pennsylvania avenue, cor. Ninth street, Washington, D. C. 49-tf

MRS. D. P. BOWERS.
All business communications should be addressed in care of
BARNUM'S HOTEL,
45-3m* Baltimore, Md.

UNION HALL,
JACKSON, MICHIGAN.
Located in the centre of the city, is the
FINEST AND MOST COMPLETE
IN ALL ITS APPOINTMENTS
of any in the country.
This Hall,
BUILT REGARDLESS OF EXPENSE,
is finely Frescoed, Lighted with Gas, has Stage, Scenery, Foot and Border Lights.
Ample Dressing accommodations adjoining the Stage.
Is the best adapted for
CONCERTS,
LECTURES,
MINSTRELS and
DRAMATIC
PERFORMANCES
of any in the West.
Will be rented by the Day or Week on liberal terms. Stage 36 by 60; Auditorium, 60 by 94. Seated with settees for 1,200.
Acoustics perfect. 47-tf

USE JACKSON HALL,
'Tis large enough, and not too large by twice—
Is central in location, and moderate in price.
JACKSON HALL, JACKSON, JACKSON CO., MICH., with Stage, Scenery, Carpets, Footlights, &c. Can be rented at $10 per night, or $50 per week. This Hall does not advertise in the Herald.
37-6m* W. JACKSON.

JOHN BROUGHAM'S PLAYS.
TO MANAGERS AND ARTISTS.
I desire to state that I shall be absent from home during the greater part of the Winter. Any parties wishing to negotiate for any of Mr. JOHN BROUGHAM'S pieces will please address the subscriber, or Mr. A. T. LEVERE, at my residence.
T. E. MORRIS,
77 West Tenth street,
33-tf New York City.

SUNNYSIDE CONCERT HALL,
NASHVILLE, TENN.
Proprietor.....J. W. KINGSCOTT
Stage Manager.....J. L. BARRETT
This popular place of amusement is now in the full tide of success, with a full and efficient Company of first-class Artists. First rate talent treated with on liberal terms. Address as above. 41-tf

EMPIRE HALL, Pekin, Ill.
WM. P. CHAIN and R. BERGSTRESSER, } .....Proprietors.
This new and commodious Hall, capable of seating 1,200 persons, is now ready for occupancy, and is offered for Theatrical and Operatic performances, Concerts, Lectures, &c., on reasonable terms. Is one of the best Halls in the State, furnished with water, gas, and all the modern improvements. For particulars and engagements enquire of WM. P. CHAIN,
26-12m* Empire Block, Pekin, Ill.

AMUSEMENTS.

LEAVENWORTH THEATRE,
CARD.
Competent persons in the profession desiring situations for the ensuing season of '66 and '67, commencing on or about Sept. 1st, will address G. D. CHAPLIN, Stage Manager, Leavenworth Theatre, stating line of business and salary. Stars desiring time for the above season will also address same. 50-tf

OPERA HOUSE,
COLUMBUS, OHIO.
This house will be for rent on reasonable terms to respectable entertainments of all kinds on and after January 1, 1866.
It is one of the largest and most gorgeous houses in the Western country. Is fitted up with magnificent scenery, and in fact everything that pertains to a first-class theatre. It is well lighted with gas and heated with steam, and is capable of seating 1500 persons. For further particulars, etc., apply to
A. H. FAXON, Treasurer, etc., or
JOHN SELZER, Music Store,
37-6m* Columbus, Ohio.

ATHENÆUM THEATRE,
DUBUQUE, IOWA.
This new and elegant Theatre will open for the season on MONDAY, Jan. 29th. First class stars will please address
ALBERT A. WYATT,
Stage Manager, or
43-3m* CHARLES PLUNKETT.

NATIONAL HALL,
TIFFIN, OHIO,
Will seat twelve hundred persons. Stage fitted up with full sett of Scenery, Foot Lights, etc.
SOUDER & CARPENTER,
42-6m* Proprietors.

PARMELY HALL,
PEORIA, ILL.
This Hall, having a seating capacity of 1,200, has been lately refitted, and is to rent for Theatrical or Minstrel Companies, Lectures, etc. The stage is fitted up with all conveniences for dramatic purposes. Good dressing rooms, new scenery, stage carpet, and all the appliances necessary. 43-6m*

THE WEBB SISTERS,
MISSES EMMA AND ADA,
Managers wishing to engage the services of these very talented Artists, for STAR Engagements, will address
EMMA H. WEBB, 17 Nassau street, Brooklyn.
27-tf

SHOW BILLS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
THEODORE DUTTON
Begs to inform his old friends, Managers and the public generally, that he is now located at the
EMPIRE STEAM PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT,
13 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK,
Where he will give his personal attention to the production, in any style, of all kinds of
PLAIN, COLORED, AND ILLUSTRATED SHOW BILLS,
Particularly adapted for
TRAVELING EXHIBITIONS,
CIRCUSES, MENAGERIES,
ETHIOPIAN PERFORMANCES,
GYMNASTS, MAGICIANS.
TRACK CUTS OF ALL KINDS,
TROTTING TO HARNESS OR WAGON,
DOUBLE TEAMS OR RUNNING HORSES,
POLITICAL CLUBS.
T. D. trusts that his many years experience in the business, the very large assortment of cuts at his command, any of which can be printed in one or more colors, the services of the best Designers and Engravers for new work, will secure to him a continuance of past favors and a trial by new patrons. 43-3m

MAJ. BURNELL'S
MUSEUM AND ZOOLOGICAL INSTITUTE,
Composed of GREAT NATURAL
LIVING CURIOSITIES,
No. 93 ST. CHARLES STREET, NEW ORLEANS,
(Opposite Academy of Music.)
First class Curiosities treated with on liberal terms. All communications addressed as above. 49-tf

PALACE VARIETIES.
WANTED—First class Dramatic and Variety Artists for the PALACE VARIETIES, CINCINNATI, OHIO,
which establishment now combines the Dramatic with the Variety Entertainment.
Two LEADING DANSEUSES, 10 first class BALLET GIRLS, can find a steady engagement for the balance of the season.
Sensation Stars liberally treated with for two or four weeks.
The PALACE has just closed its second year of successful career, and under the present management bids fair to eclipse anything in America of the kind.
The most liberal salaries are promptly paid to those who rank as the best in the profession. Address
PETERSON & CO.,
Cincinnati, Ohio.
February 26th, 1866. 48-3m*

EVANSVILLE THEATRE,
EVANSVILLE, IND.
WANTED immediately, a first walking lady, and two responsible ladies. Also, a first walking gentleman and three first class utility men. State lowest terms, and consider silence a negative. Engagements continued through the Summer months, and if satisfactory, through the Fall and Winter.
51-tf MARTIN GOLDEN, Manager.

THEATRE, MILWAUKEE, Wis.
LESSEE & MANAGER.....T. E. MILLS.
STARS WISHING ENGAGEMENTS FOR SPRING SEASON,
51-13t* Please address T. E. MILLS.

TO MANAGERS.
MISS MARY PARTINGTON,
DANSEUSE.
Late of the Continental Theatre, Boston,
But now filling an engagement at the Opera House, Boston, would like to negotiate for an engagement for the summer months,
COMMENCING ABOUT 15TH MAY.
Address MISS MARY PARTINGTON,
Lincoln House,
51-4t* No. 830 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

CANVAS FOR SALE,
65x95 in good order, with all the fixtures, seats, etc. Address
52-3t* Box 85, West Winfield, Herkimer Co., N. Y.

MISS NOEMIE DE MARGUERITTES,
All applications in respect to engagements for this
YOUNG, GIFTED AND BEAUTIFUL COMEDIENNE,
must be addressed to HENRY R. HELLIER,
Editor Evening Programme,
52-tf Philadelphia, Pa.

WHO CAN MAKE MAGIC APPARATUS WITH-OUT DELAY? and according to order.
DONALDSON & SIMMONS,
52-3t* Care of New York Clipper.

WANTED.
CONJURING APPARATUS
A complete outfit, or any tricks separate, for which I will pay cash in hand. Owners of "gorgeous paraphernalia," made by some country tinsmith, need not answer, as I want material of the best workmanship. Answer, stating tricks and describing apparatus and fixtures, with price asked, to
J. M. SEARL, New Orleans, La.,
till the first of May, after that to Box 526, Chicago, Ill. 52-5t*

BEST HALL IN FORT WAYNE, Ind.
COLERICK HALL,
Leased by GARDINER & CO., of
PITTSBURGH OPERA HOUSE.
Being newly re-fitted, re-decorated, cushioned seats, new scenery (48 flats), four private boxes, etc., and
SEATS FIVE HUNDRED MORE PEOPLE
THAN ANY OTHER HALL IN THE CITY,
is now to be let for first class exhibitions only.
The only Hall in the city without going into the third story.
The only Hall that can be kept warm and comfortable (as it is heated by steam), and stage 16 feet larger than any other Hall in Fort Wayne. For terms, etc., address
GARDINER & CO.,
51-4t* 96 Columbia street, Fort Wayne.

TO CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE MEN.--WANTED, a Side Show privilege for a Curiosity Exhibition. Address
DANIEL MALEY, Old Side Show Man,
51-4t* 339 Broadway, Albany, N. Y.

METROPOLITAN THEATRE,
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
Ladies and gentlemen of known ability wishing engagements for the coming Fall and Winter Season, commencing September 3d, 1866, will please apply, without stamps, and consider silence a negative. (Salary in all cases sure.) Address
51-6t* W. H. RILEY, Manager.

PROF. J. M. MACALLISTER,
PRESTIDIGITATES AT DAY'S HALL, RAVENNA, OHIO, this week. April 3d to 7th, EMPIRE HALL, AKRON.
9th to 21st, BRAINARD HALL, CLEVELAND. 24th to 28th, FARRAR HALL, ERIE, Pa. May 7th to 19th, ST. JAMES' HALL, BUFFALO, N. Y.
Thence to ROCHESTER, SYRACUSE AND BINGHAMPTON, where he closes perhaps the most SUCCESSFUL SEASON of 12 months ever known in this country. Re-organizes Monday, Sept. 3d, for the Fall and Winter of '66–'67, with Entirely New and Astounding Experiments, invented and performed only by himself.
JAS. S. JAKWAY, General Agent.
CHAS. P. SHERMAN, Business Manager. 52-3t*

ALEX. NEUVILLE,
The world-renowned FRENCH CLOWN, PANTOMIMIST and BALLET MASTER, the acknowledged Champion of Paris, Havana, and all the principal cities of America, acknowledged by all to be the ONLY RIVAL of the Ravels; also, MISS ROSINE, Comic Vocalist, Pantomimist and Comedienne, can be engaged by managers of First Class Concert Halls by addressing
ALEX. NEUVILLE,
52-5t* Clipper Office, New York.

THEATRE ROYAL,
HALIFAX, N. S.
M. W. FISKE, COMEDIAN, will open the above-named place for a summer season, commencing on or about the 4th of June. Address him at the Varieties Theatre, New Orleans, La. 49-3t*

TRENOR'S WASHINGTON HALL,
WILLIAMSBURGH, N. Y. Agents and others interested in public entertainments will find TRENOR'S WASHINGTON HALL, South Seventh and Fourth streets, Williamsburgh, desirably adapted. The stage is large and well stocked with new scenery, foot lights, reflectors, &c. Terms favorable, and no tricks or traps. Apply to JAMES CONNER & CO.,
25 West Houston st., N. Y., or at the Hall.
1-3m J. H. TRENOR, Proprietor.

AMUSEMENTS.

"THE CALIFORNIANS ARE COMING."
COTTON, MURPHY & SMITH'S
CALIFORNIA MINSTRELS,
BRASS BAND AND
"BURLESQUE OPERA TROUPE,"
"Re-modelled and re-organized for 1866."
"The largest and most versatile Company in America," whose Concerts throughout the NEW ENGLAND STATES, and for FIFTY CONSECUTIVE NIGHTS IN BOSTON, are without a precedent in the annals of amusements.
Now on their Sixth Tour, visiting all the
PRINCIPAL CITIES AND TOWNS EAST AND WEST,
Presenting to the public an ENTIRE NEW ENTERTAINMENT, embodying all their GREAT SPECIALITIES, ORIGINAL with this company, and performed by them only.
50-tf W. H. SMITH, Business Manager.

CIRCUS.
THE ORRIN AND SEBASTIAN CALIFORNIA CIRCUS TROUPE will separate in May. Managers wishing to engage SEBASTIAN BOY, Two Principal Horses, and Two Trick Horses, may write to
SEBASTIAN, Caracoas, Venezuela,
49-7t* Under care of Italian Consul.

NEW ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
PITTSBURGH, PENN.
Lessee.....WM. HENDERSON
Manageress.....MRS. ETTIE HENDERSON
Also the Manager of the
"PITTSBURGH THEATRE."
The New Academy of Music, one of the largest and most elegantly finished in the West, will seat
2,500 PEOPLE.
and will open May 1st, with a
"CELEBRATED OPERA COMPANY."
People wishing engagements for the Fall or Winter Season at either theatre, will address as above.
Stars engaged for the New Academy of Music and Theatre on liberal terms. 50-tf

THE CROWNING CLIMAX OF ALL.
CHARLEY SHAY'S MONSTER QUINCUPLEXAL
AND CELESTIAL TROUPE.
The largest, most attractive and novel organization in the world, comprising the only troupe
OF GENUINE CHINESE JUGGLERS AND SORCERERS
in this country. The $1,000 challenge educated Tan Terrier "Fanny," the troupe of Lady Vocalists and Danseuses, Ethiopian Comedians, Necromancers and Knife Throwers.
THE MASTODON BRASS BAND AND
EXCELSIOR STRING BAND,
combined in
ONE MAMMOTH ENTERTAINMENT,
50-6t* CHARLEY SHAY, Sole Manager and Proprietor.

CONSTELLATION DRAMATIC COMPANY.
Under the management of
J. C. MYERS,
Will be at Syracuse from Feb. 26th to March 19th; Oswego, from 19th to 25th; Utica, 26th to 8th; return to Syracuse, 9th to 22d; Binghampton, 23d to 29th; Elmira, 30th to 6th; Erie, 7th to 13th; Cleveland, 14th to 17th, Toledo, 17th to 26th.
Parties desiring to lease the Royal Lyceum, can address as above, or to JAMES FRENCH, Toronto, C. W. 48-10t*

NEW AMERICAN THEATRE.
Walnut street, above Eighth, Philadelphia.
R. FOX.....Proprietor and Manager
JAMES PILGRIM.....Stage Manager
First class talent in all branches wanted—Dramatic, Operatic, Terpsichorean, Pantomime, Ethiopian, Acrobatic, &c. Matinees are given at this theatre, but the management do not pay extra salaries for them. 49-tf

HOOLEY'S NEW OPERA HOUSE,
CORNER OF COURT AND REMSEN STREETS, BROOKLYN,
Is now open for the season with
A GREAT STAR COMBINATION OF
MINSTRELS AND PANTOMIMISTS.
THE MOST COMFORTABLE AND FINEST HALL IN AMERICA.
The Company comprises TWENTY-FIVE UNEQUALLED PERFORMERS, selected from the first ranks of the Profession.
First class talent can address
E. GREENLAND, Ag't. [28-tf] R. M. HOOLEY, Sole Propr'r.

TO MANAGERS.
W. J. COGSWELL, successful "Leading Man" of Pittsburgh Theatre, whose engagement concludes July 4th, is now open for offers for next season. Address P. O. Box 1434. 52-3m*

CHARLES DILLON.
All business communications should be addressed to
SAMUEL COLVILLE, Wood's Theatre, or
42-tf 209½ East Ninth street, New York.

AMERICAN HALL,
HARTFORD, CONN.
Adjoining American Hotel, with stage, foot lights, and suitable dressing rooms, seats 800 to 1,000, to rent for Concerts, Lectures, Panoramas, Minst